Grand Prix

INTERNATIONAL

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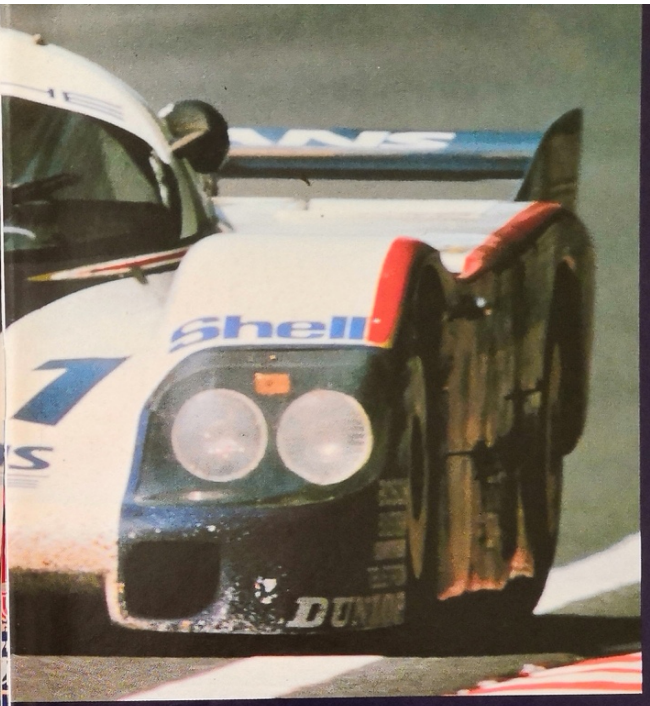

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THE TIMES
FRIDAY APRIL 23 1982

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A Matter of Style

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PRACTICE

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The Brabham-BMW cars, which set out with tanks half full, started to pull away. They soon gave up and René Arnoux had no rival, finishing ahead of team-mate Alain Prost and the two Ferraris of Didier Pironi and Patrick Tambay.

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Within 50 years, the man who created the circuit which bears his name created one of the most profitable businesses in France. A private man, he usually avoids journalists like the plague. Nonetheless, he received Didier Braillon at his home on Bishop's Head which overlooks the circuit. He discussed painting, boats, forest, Provence and, briefly, motor racing.

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The paddock in Paul Ricard

SERVOZ APPEARS

Counting himself lucky to be alive after a gas explosion on board his

yacht, Johnny Servoz-Gavin made an appearance at the French GP to meet some old friends. Winner in 1969 of the European Formula 2 Trophy, "Servoz" is perhaps best remembered for quitting the Tyrrell F1 team (and a very promising career) in 1970, after the death of Bruce McLaren. He now awaits some extensive plastic surgery on the burns suffered in the shipboard accident.

NELSON: "SORRY, GPI, BUT..."

When Nelson Piquet's BMW engine quit at Brands Hatch in last week's British GP, several observers calculated that the ten second lead his Brabham had built up would not be enough — even if he continued at the same pace — to permit him to make his much-anticipated stop for fuel and tyres without losing the lead of the race.

Well, the truth is out now! *"I had full tanks at the start of the race,"* confessed our champion columnist: *"I was hoping to run non-stop and give everyone a nasty shock, especially the other turbo teams. Most of them were saying that we would have to stop anyway because we don't have enough fuel tank capacity in our cars."*

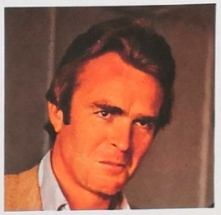
Nelson has also apologised for giving GPI readers the impression in his last column that he was going to stop. *"If you read it carefully, you'll notice that I didn't actually say I was going to stop,"* he explains. *"At the time, it was very important for us not to give too many secrets away, although we think that a pit stop tactic could still help us to win races this year."*

At Paul Ricard, we can inform you, Nelson was definitely expecting to make a stop. Alas, his engine blew up only two laps before his crew was expecting him to duck into his pit... and they'd been practising hard already.

EXTRA SPEED FROM NARROW PIRELLIS

With a string of races at high-speed circuits coming up on the GP calendar, Pirelli has introduced a new range of narrow tyres. The thinking behind these latest radials — at present available only for fitting to rear wheels — is to reduce aerodynamic drag and thus to improve top speed.

The width of Pirelli's rear covers, which started the season at 405 mm (16 inches), had been reduced to 340 mm for Brands Hatch, while for Ricard the Italian company had some available at only 315 mm (12.4 inches). Of the six drivers on Pirellis in France, only one (Serra) was unable to qualify. Quite a turn-round in fortunes, and for good reason...



A MATTER OF PAPERS... AND SILENCE

There is more about that famous / infamous (depending on how you look at it) FIA Appeal Court meeting in Paris. The essence of the argument is well-known; less well-known is the inside working of the committee. It appears that Max Mosley, who presented the Duckworth brief against turbo-charged engines, took one-and-a-quarter hours to present his case. By all accounts, it was a particularly brilliant exposition. So brilliant, in fact, that it left the Ferrari troops (who were also speaking for Renault *et al*) in a state of stunned silence. For Ferrari, too, had a paper prepared, which was to be

presented by that delectable duo Marco Piccinini and Ing. Forghieri. When it came to the moment for the Ferrari rebuttal, there was still a strained silence. Then Piccinini finally rallied himself and the turbo forces.

What he produced was another rambling discourse of the sort familiar to those who had to listen to him at Casablanca: a statement that an agreement was an agreement, that nothing could be changed, that one didn't stop progress just when it began to win and that to stop turbos now would destroy motor racing. The impeccable Max listened with his usual attentiveness and an ironical barrister's smile. When Piccinini had finished, he said, "but M. Piccinini, we don't understand, when are you going to present your *case*?" (This, you understand, with the appropriate gesture towards the Ferrari dossier on the table.)

Still further embarassed, Piccinini then delivered what every lawyer waits for: the phrase that destroys his own case. Max's last remark was, *"But M. Piccinini, this is a technical, not a sporting matter, and this is a technical commission, not a sporting commission."* To which Marco answered: *"But when your Duckworth races his engines at Indy, doesn't he reduce the engine capacity?"* To which a beaming Mosley was able to answer: *"Yes, they understand such things in the United States. They know the turbo is a separate engine and reduce the capacity to 2.65 liters accordingly."* Point, set and match.

True, said Ken Tyrrell, *"the turbos won the appeal on sporting grounds, but our case was proved technically correct."*

KERMIT AT RENAULT? THE JOCKEY CHEZ WILLIAMS?

As the careful reader will be able to discern from his statements elsewhere in this issue, the love affair between Alain Prost, the feisty jockey-shaped French Renault driver, and his team-mate — such as it ever was, and it was never flamboyant — is over. Successive disenchantments with the reliability of his car may also have induced Alain to a state

something below enthusiasm and only just above loyalty.

In the highly competitive world of drivers and constructors, it is hardly likely that any disaffection would go unnoticed. Whenever a driver as good as Alain is available, and when he shows himself to be willing, and particularly when his contract is about to expire, aspirants to his hand are not going to be few. Word has it that Frank Williams, who is known to be readying a major new development in his cars, and who thus reckons to be a "likely championship contender next year" has been quickest off the mark with an offer; and the offer, we understand, is impressive enough to tempt Alain.

That would open up two vacancies, with Alain presumably taking over from Derek Daly (Rosberg, after all, has proved at least as competitive as the FW08) and Renault having a ticklish vacancy to fill. Williams would not of course confirm the offer, but when asked who might take over from Prost at Renault, a spokesman answered, poker-faced, "Kermit the Frog, we hope."

OPEN JUSTICE?

Keke Rosberg suffered two indignities in five days. In the final practice, when the Finn put on his second set of qualifiers and had done a lap to warm up his tyres, he came up behind Niki Lauda at the end of the pit straight. There he found Niki under full braking, practically at a dead-stop. And Niki full of wily smiles, knowing that he'd taken Keke out of contention. Which, as someone said, is the mark of a competitive $3 million driver. Keke was not pleased.

Earlier in the week, however, Keke had his handsome result in the grueling Brazilian grand prix definitively disqualified by the FIA Court of Appeal. What is more curious is that Rosberg had appealed directly to Prince Metternich on the matter. Some five days before the FIA Appeals Court met, however, Keke received a courteous (as ever) letter from the egregious prince, saying that the matter was settled once and for all. The Appeal committee knew the sport and they were good lawyers. It would appear the Prince knew the result beforehand: or is the Court of Appeal not really a court?

The proceedings, we now know, were conducted behind closed doors. One journalist, wanting to know how things were going, spent several hours downstairs in an ante-room. No news ever came forth. Is it not of the essence of courts anywhere that they do justice *in the open?*

PETIT'S PROGRESS

GPI's protégé on the Formula 3 scene, 24 year old Pierre Petit, added to his points score in the French F3 championship by finishing 3rd in the Ricard round.

Driving a Ralt-VW entered by London specialist Dave Price, Pierre did well to get on to the podium after a first lap incident involving his season-long rival Michel Ferté. *"I did a big spin and dropped to 6th place,"* admitted Pierre, *"but at least I finished ahead of Michel."*

The race was won by the Ralt of Swiss newcomer Bernard Santal, with Patrick Gonin (Martini) in 2nd. With four races still to run, Petit leads with 117 points to the 98 of Ferté.

SHADOW AND SHADE

There was not a cloud in the sky at Ricard, but several events of the weekend and the week that preceded it cast a long shadow. There is shadow and there is shade, the latter being revitalizing, the former being connected with ghosties and ghoulies. A restful shade appeared on the hot, wind-blown track at Ricard with the announcement of new regulations for the start: if a driver could not start, he would put his hand up, the start-light would go flashing orange, the drivers do a lap and re-start, with the race being shortened by one lap. For once, drivers, officials and constructors were unanimously agreed on a sensible arrangement.

More in shadow-land was the accident that befell Jochen Mass after a brush with Baldi at Signes. That there were not more serious injuries when Mass's car strewed bits into the crowd is a miracle, but once again safety may be invoked to eliminate one of the finest fast curves in the world. For the spectacle and the challenge such curves represent, that would be a pity; the chicane that replaces Woodcote at Silverstone adds nothing to the sport and is capable of producing its own accidents, as happened when Villeneuve and Jones tangled. The balance between safety and the spectacular is hard to maintain, but slow corners sometimes achieve neither.

The almost-total domination of the turbo-charged cars at Ricard is a sign that we are moving into a new era in engine development. Regardless of the rights and wrongs of the case argued in Paris last week, the turbo is here to stay. It is one of the several ways in which the sport impinges on the family car; the advance of the turbo in Formula One has not only assisted development, it has popularized the idea of the turbo. This does not mean that a more equitable formula could not be found to redress the current imbalance between turbo-charged and normally-aspirated cars, particularly on fast circuits. Such formulae exist, have been proposed and should be approached with an open mind by all parties.

Finally, we see an ever-longer shadow being cast by the sheer power of television. Moscow and New York street-races or circuit races may sell the sport; so would Hong-Kong, Paris or London. Muhammad Ali taught us all that lesson by fighting in Kinshasa, Manila and anywhere else with a flashy backdrop. It is not that the sport should not experiment; it is that the sport should not, in so doing, lose its traditions, nor should the transatlantic shift become so pronounced as to tip us all into the hands of the networks and their megabucks. To keep the sport safe without being dull and spectacular without being of a single format requires a fine hand. The sport abounds in them.

GPI

A RAGE TO WIN

It had been two-and-a-half years, that despite a fabulous record of fourteen pole-positions, since René Arnoux has not won a grand prix.

Last weekend he won the French Grand Prix before his own countrymen: you would think he would be overjoyed.

The fly in the ointment is that Renault wanted Alain Prost to win. René paid no attention and went his own way. As real champions do. *"Besides, my car was vibrating so badly I couldn't even read the pit-signs,"* he tells his intimates after the finish.

Well René, we happen to like your panache and those round eyes of yours on fire with a rage to win; they bring to mind your master and friend Gilles Villeneuve... ***by Didier Braillon***

There were just fifteen laps to go to the end. From the far end of the circuit where they had all foregathered — at the chicane, l'École, the esses of Saint-Baume — writers and photographers began the long walk back to the pits. They didn't want to miss the victory podium, which promised a moving moment.

René Arnoux, the man damned by fate, the unfortunate, the engine-breaker, the men who flew off the track or spun or lost his wheels, was up front. Well up front. And for some time.

On pole thanks to a record-breaking lap at an average speed of 221.553 kph — a

velocity that had more in common with ballistics than racing and a pole-position won in exceptional conditions, since he took only two laps to achieve it — René immediately took the lead. For two laps he held off the challenge of Riccardo Patrese's Brabham-BMW, which had started with half-full tanks and was a full 100 kg lighter than the Renault. Then the Italian found a gap, as did his team-mate Nelson Piquet on lap five. The two Anglo-German cars were the belles of the ball and it was with bated breath that everyone awaited their pit-stop for refueling.

But the pit-stop never happened: Patrese stopped in flames on the eighth lap and Piquet's engine blew on the twenty-fourth: just ten kilometers before the show was due to start, it was cancelled. From that point on, the positions were clear: René Arnoux led his team-mate Alain Prost by a considerable margin, while behind them the Ferraris of Didier Pironi and Patrick Tambay, terribly slow in most of the curves, lagged. For the 70,000-odd spectators massed about the track, it was a sight to gladden the collective heart: four French drivers in the lead. It was like watching a quartet of players who had different instruments to the rest of the orchestra, and were condemned to play on their aspirated engines. With their long march ended, the press crowded around the Renault pit-wall where Gérard Larousse and Jean Sage seemed the serenest men present. Then suddenly a pit-sign was flashed. It read: **T 10, 1 Alain, 2 René.** Ten laps to go, Alain to win, René second. The audience) stared disbelievingly: you mean 'they' were really going to deprive René of his upcoming win, in front his public and his family. When his lead over his team-mate was 23 seconds? 23 seconds is an eternity. It can't be compared to the order given, in vain, to Carlos Reutemann by Frank Williams in Rio last year. There, Alan Jones was within three seconds...

"Team discipline, the World Championship," murmured some of the onlookers. True enough: Alain had totted up 19 points against René's four, and mathematically, Prost's chances of overhauling Pironi, Watson and Lauda in the championship were still very much alive. And then, the Régie after all had made the championship its goal for this season as for the preceding ones.

The pit-boards were held up one after another: T9, 1 Alain, 2 René, then T5, then a double one for T2, two laps from the finish and a last T1, 1 Alain, 2 René. Arnoux, lifting off slightly, finally crossed the finish line with a lead of 17 seconds. His mechanics leaped onto the track to show their joy at such a well-deserved win; on the other side of the pit-wall, the 'bosses' were somewhat less demonstrative...

Monopolized by the podium ceremonies and by television, it took some little time for René to make his re-appearance. His hair was unruly, his step embattled, but his eyes were round and shining, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Villeneuve's. He stalked into the Press room, slapped on the back by one and all, allowed himself to be kidnapped by a horde of Italians and answered their queries in their own language with great patience before finally we could get our own questions in. As it turned out, no questions were necessary: put a 10p in the slot and the talk came out:

"I spared my tyres at the start when I had full tanks; I didn't want to overheat them while I tried to stay in touch with the Brabhams, out on half-tanks. I wasn't going to fall for that game. For the first ten laps I drove with my head, not my hands. I tried to stay as cool and lucid as possible. It would have been dumb to let it all fall apart so early. Then, as the laps went by, as my car grew lighter, it reacted better and better and I could finally start attacking them. The idea was to build up a little lead over those following me when the Brabhams made their pit-stop. Halfway through the race, unfortunately, I ran into serious vibration problems. I was shaken like a bag of beans and on the long straight I suffered from very painful hands just trying to keep the steering-wheel steady. I couldn't slow down, because I could foresee a pit-stop to change tyres."

What about the pit-signs?

René's eyes caught fire:

"When you have 23 seconds' lead over the man behind you, you might as well stop as let him by. I did not want to take any risks in case I had to stop during the last laps." Quickly noting that everyone around him agreed, René continued.

"And what I really mean to say is this: if I hadn't had those vibrations, I'd have been even further ahead."

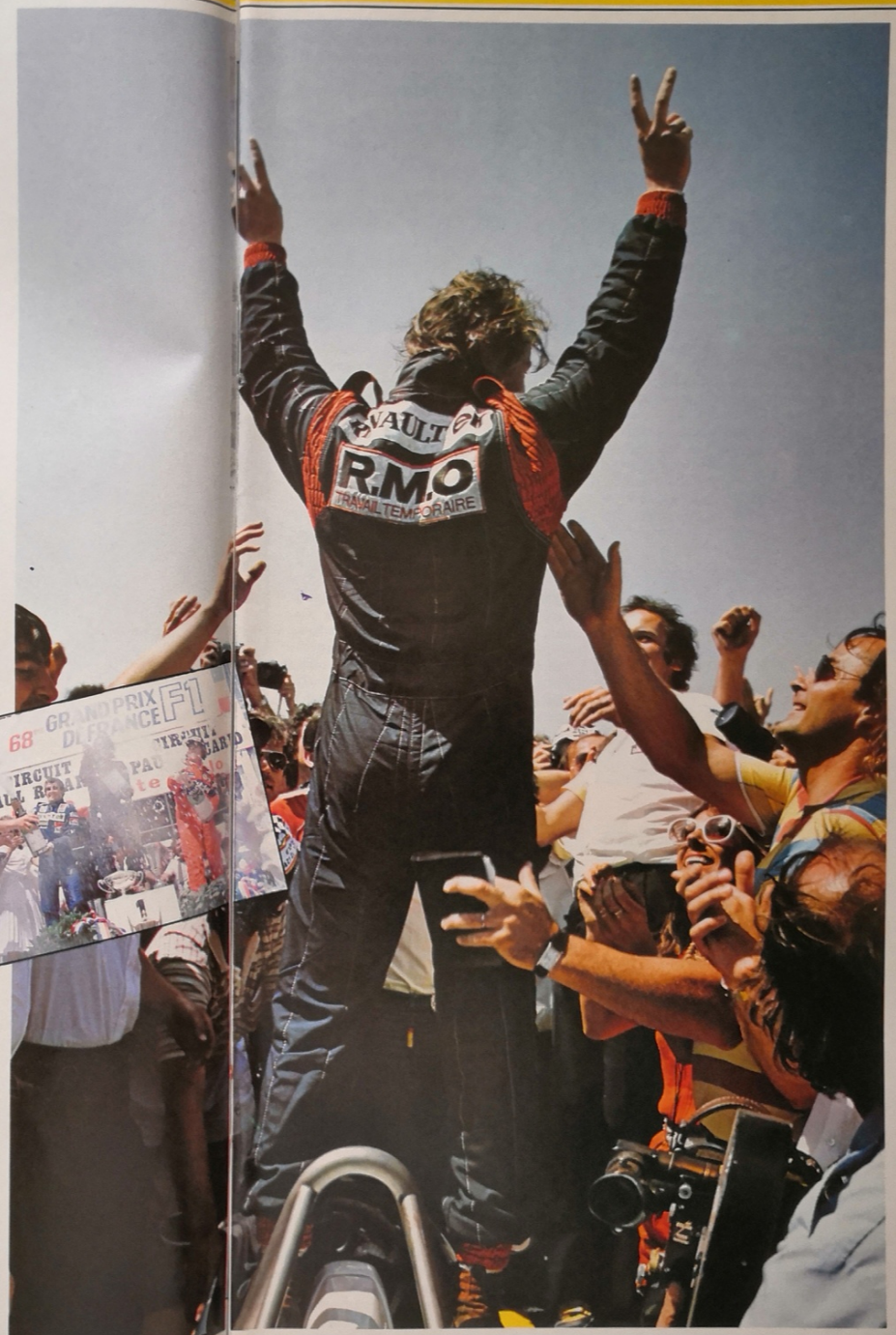
It was all absolutely clear: he had never even considered obeying his team's signals.

A quarter-hour later, in his motor-home, a slightly surly Alain Prost met the press, speaking into a forest of mikes set up before him. They were mostly French, for the rest were still pursuing Arnoux.

"The only thing that interested me was the lead I had over Pironi," attacked Alain. *"My only job was to stay in second place, and I did so with ease. We had had our instructions before the start: given the demands of the championship, whatever our respective positions were, René was to let me through. He accepted. The orders applied to first and second places as much as to fifth and sixth... The only condition imposed was that neither of us should be in direct confrontation with another driver. And such was the case."*

A colleague then intervened and asked if it were humanly possible to deprive a driver of victory when he led his team-mate by 23 seconds:

"I don't understand the question," Alain answered brusquely and aggressively. He seemed to be under considerable nervous strain. *"Renault sets out to be world champion. I don't see why I should set out to follow René, and I don't care whether his lead was one second or thirty. His orders were to let me by."*



It may have been an idiotic question, but it needed to be asked: was he disappointed? The answer came out like a rocket. His eyes were downcast and would not look at any of us:

"Yes, I'm very disappointed. But more for Renault than for myself, for what took place is not right. Our situation is too critical and it is too important for us to win the title for our chances of doing so to be treated with such high-handedness. I know René well, but our personal relationship had already been slipping for some weeks. Anyway, we just no longer got along on a work basis. What sort of team strategy is now possible? I can tell you now that next year at Renault, they'll have to choose between Prost and Arnoux..."

Had Alain talked to René?

"No, not yet. But I'm not worried. I'm sure others will do the talking..."

'Others'? That had to be Jean Sage, whom we finally located in the hot-seat under the canopy of the Renault bus:

"Obviously, we have a problem. I held the pit-board telling René to let Alain through at 10, then five, two and one lap from the end. He did not respect his orders. We will have a little talk about that, but we must do our best not to make matters worse. It would be silly, however, to miss the world championship by just three or four points. For take my word on it, we are still in business..."

A few hours later, when things had calmed down, Jean Sage came back to talk to us:

"Alain had a problem. His right-hand skirt was cut up and his road-holding was hampered. As for René's vibrations, they derived not from his tyres but from a rear rim. Perhaps he touched something without knowing it. It's anybody's guess..."

Jean was hard put to conceal his bias. There are likings which derive from the overall strategy of a major constructor for whom a title, with all its commercial repercussions, is too important to be allowed to rest on a matter of personal initiative. Such initiatives are likely to be judged with severity.

But was it humanly possible, after 14 pole-positions and misfortune almost without parallel (except perhaps for Chris Amon) in modern history, to deprive René Arnoux of his victory? And at the French Grand Prix of all grands prix?

Certainly not. And we feel sure that Gérard Larousse, in whom lives on the ego of a former top-level driver, must agree... □

PRACTICE

Just when the whole of France is on holiday and hundreds of thousands of invaders parade their burned flesh on every available inch of beach on the Mediterranean, a few kilometers away and up in the hills where men are men, others are slowly donning helmet and glove. Up on the flowering plateau, heavy with thyme and rosemary, on a sun-baked circuit, the first untimed practice of the French Grand Prix is about to begin, with the majestic chain of the Sainte-Baume as a backdrop.

Loaded with problems and weary of competition after the too-recent British Grand Prix, the drivers are immune to the poetry about them. Especially **Lees**, whose difficult task it is to replace, on short notice, **Mansell** — still suffering from the agonies of the Brands Hatch toboggan run, and **Serra**, whose task it is to take up the hard work of preparing the new Fittipaldi F9. Alas! for the poor Brazilian driver, after a mere half-hour of practice, his handsome car stopped out on the track with its transmission gone. There being no replacement parts — they would have to come from England — the Brasilian team has to rely, except for a few brief outings at the tail-ends of Saturday morning and afternoon sessions, on the good old F8D.
Arnoux, having changed the left-hand turbo-charger, promptly put in the fastest time ahead of **Pironi** and **Patrese**, the latter having also changed his turbo; and also ahead of **Prost** whose adjustable-suspension and fibre-carbon mounted

car fell prey to an electrical fault out on the circuit, compelling him to go out in his spare; and then of **Tambay**, who was only able to put in a few laps, a tiny stone having perforated the drive belt of his fuel pump. **Tambay** was nonetheless ahead of **Piquet**, who was last among the leading turbos, **Piquet** having blown an engine. Nelson went out in the spare while the BMW men changed the engine-bloc.
When the first qualifying session started at 1pm, it is hot as hades out on the track, the heat barely attenuated by a mistral which gives the drivers a tail wind down the straight: the tyre men register temperatures of more than 45° on the track surface.

Prost, now back in his normal car, put in ten laps and registered a 1'35''.802, an average speed of 218kph that puts him well on pole, some 8/10ths of a second ahead of his closest rival, **Pironi**. **Arnoux** is third in front of **Piquet**, who can only do three laps: the engine on his spare blew while the mechanics were still working on his race car. To get fourth place on the grid in such short order was an accomplishment, and that is why, when **Patrese** also had engine trouble, he took over Nelson's race car. Riccardo clocked up seventh place ahead of **Tambay**, who was having constant vapour-lock pro-

blems. Riccardo was behind the two front-runners of the aspirated cars, **Lauda** and **Rosberg**. **Laffite** had rear suspension troubles and had to fall back on his spare, in which he was just able to wrest 15th fastest. He was behind the ATS of **Winkelhock**, who had made a judicious adjustment to his springs and his gear ratios over lunch; the changes cost him — as well as his team-mate **Salazar**, who needed a new clutch — a full 35 minute delay.

Boesel and **Serra**, the latter in the F8D, **Lees**, whose car faltered on the circuit and **Fabi** were, for the time being, the non-qualifiers, the Toleman-Hart driver having managed only one lap before a loose oil pipe provided a spectacular burst of fire behind his cockpit.
Saturday morning, the heat is down and

the mistral is considerably stronger, thus helping the cars to achieve their maximum speeds — speeds never before seen on the straight. Details of those speeds appear elsewhere.

At Renault, **Prost's** car is back to its classical brake and suspension settings. **Pironi** sets the fastest time in the second untimed session in the Ferrari with the fore-to-aft gearbox: he only took that car out because a minor spin off the track on his usual car had caused some minimal damage — in fact, he had spun at Bendor after having attacked prematurely with tyres that were still cold. **Patrese** was second behind the Ferrari, but halfway through the session he blew his engine — yet another task for the overworked Brabham mechanics to wrestle with. **De Cesaris** managed to hoist himself up into the third row just behind the Brabham, thus confirming the positive results of

some changes in the gear-ratios, changes designed to give him greater straightline speed than he had been able to obtain the day before, during which he barely hit a very modest 280kph.
Piquet, **Prost** and **Giacomelli** in the second Alfa followed; then came **Rosberg**, **de Angelis**, **Laffite** and **Lauda**, who had blown an engine and was out in his spare. **Arnoux**, out in his race configuration, was only 11th, just ahead of **Tambay** who had a recalcitrant engine. Two outsiders, **Jarier** and **Henton** followed and **Warwick**, who came last, had only managed three laps: *"I was a little too optimistic in the esses of Sainte-Baume and I couldn't stop the car climbing up on the kerb; that threw my fourth gear out and I found myself in no man's land in the catch fencing."* His front suspension was damaged, the chassis under the radiator likewise; his Toleman was to keep his mechanics busy throughout the lunch-break, as was **Guerrero's** Ensign, whose engine exploded violently just at the flag.

The wind was still stronger when the second qualifying session began and only six cars failed to improve on their times: the two McLarens of **Lauda** and **Watson**, the two Williams of **Rosberg** and **Daly**, **Winkelhock's** ATS and **Guerrero's** Ensign, **Guerrero** having been unable to get out until ten minutes from the end. Gradually each car improved its time, the first to take up the charge being **Piquet**,

Cheever, **Tambay**, **de Angelis**, **Salazar**, **Baldi** and **Patrese**. The Italian's Brabham, however, soon spun under braking at the Bridge, an oil leak caused by his hasty engine change having liberally dosed his rear axle. The BMW luckily didn't seize up and Riccardo was able to better his time with his second set of qualifiers.

Arnoux didn't even need his second qualifiers to grab pole. Two super-quick laps halfway through the session, after he had calmly observed his rivals from the pit wall, were more than enough. Like Caesar's old saw, I came, I saw and I conquered, he rolled out of the pits and put in an extraordinary 1'34''406, an average speed of 221.553kph, and just as peremptorily returned to the pits.
Prost and **Pironi**, on the other hand had got no change at all out of their first qualifiers. It was another story with the second set. With a 1'35''790, Didier had a few brief glimpses at the front row, but Alain soon disabused him with a 1'34''688. The two Renaults were thus the only cars under 1'35'', their leads over **Pironi** being respectively 1''384 and 1''102. Not bad!

Behind the French trio, **Patrese**, **Tambay** and **Piquet** rounded out the close-knit group of six turbos ahead of the Alfa Romeos of **de Cesaris** and **Giacomelli**, who shared the fourth row on the grid and thus gave a little reality therapy to the

Cosworth-powered cars by heading the list of the aspirated cars.
Of serious incidents, only **Henton's** (he had to stop on the track with electrical problems and used his second qualifiers on his spare car) and **Daly's** (Derek had a constantly-falling oil pressure) are worthy of mention. The unlucky non-qualifiers included **Lammers**, **Guerrero**, with a run of bad luck, **Serra** in the old F8D and **Boesel**. Once again, **Warwick** produced a feat: with his car under repair until ten minutes from the end, he still managed to go out and produce an excellent 1'39''306, nearly two seconds faster than his Friday time and good enough for 14th place on the grid.

Didier Braillon

THE RACE

With room to stretch their legs, the turbo horses galloped away from the Cosworth cars to dominate the French Grand Prix convincingly, with Renault scoring a long awaited one-two win over their Ferrari rivals. Although there were four Frenchman in the first four places, what racing there was came from Rosberg and Alboreto in their battle for tifth place.

Four Frenchman in the first four places, with René Arnoux leading home team-mate Alain Prost for a Renault one-two, it was indeed a great day for the French, but as a race, it was not a good one.

Of the six turbos at the front of the grid, only two failed to make it to the finish, leaving the remaining four to take the first four places well ahead of their Cosworth opposition, of which only two were able to stay on the same lap as the leader.

After the two Renaults led the field around for the first of the 54 lapes, it was the Brabham BMW turbos which set the pace for the next 22. Riccardo Patrese sprinted into the lead on lap 2, but his lead was a short one. Once again Brabham's plans for a sprint start and pit stop for fuel never came to fruition, for after 7 laps Patrese's engine caught fire on the circuit and rolled to a stop in front of his own pit with smoke and flames pouring from the back of the Brabham. A piston had let go. Nelson Piquet was ready to step into the breach, but after pulling out 22 seconds on the Renaults he joined his team mate in the pit lane with a sick engine, probably a broken valve spring due to his car jumping out of gear during the morning warm-up and his twice revving the engine to 12,000 rpm.

The two Renaults of Arnoux and Prost moved back into the lead, and there they stayed to the end to score an impressive one-two, even if it wasn't in the order the team had asked for.

Hampered by tyre problems, which gave them no chance to stay with the Renaults, the two Ferraris of Didier Pironi and Patrick Tambay cruised home a comfortable third and fourth ; the only real race of the day came from Keke Rosberg's Williams and Michele Alboreto's Tyrrell as they fought for the final three points of the race.

We saw another disappointed Rosberg at the end of the race. His Williams handled as badly as it had at Brands Hatch and once again the team was unable to match their practice performance. *"Fortunately, I was quicker than Alboreto down the straights and through the faster corners, so I was able to hold him off without much trouble,"* said Rosberg. Keke had several lengths lead when the two cars finally took the flag, almost a lap behind Arnoux's Renault.

For the rest of the field there was not much to get excited about. The race turned into one of attrition with pit stops, punctures and mechanical problems decimating the rest of the runners. Derek Daly made his best start of the season to wave the Cosworth flag in the opening laps of the race, but lap 13 turned out to be an unlucky one for him when he picked up a puncture in his rear right tyre. After a superb stop, which cost him less than half a lap, he climbed back from 11th to seventh place, but was hampered at the finish by blistered tyres ; his team had put on harder - compound Goodyear's, mistakenly thinking that that was why he had stopped so early in the race. *"With the same "B" tyres, I reckon I could have caught Tambay and stayed on the same lap,"* said Daly.

Niki Lauda might also have been in the points with his McLaren, but he too had tyre troubles ; however, when he rushed into the pits for fresh rubber, he found the McLaren mechanics working on John Watson's car, Watson's car having limped into the pits with a broken wire from the battery, which forced his retirement. Lauda, seeing the problem, scorched back into the race and stopped again a lap later spoiling any chance he might have had of collecting any points this time out.

10 laps into the race there was a nasty accident which could have far reaching consequences for the future of our sport.

Jochen Mass tangled with Mauro Baldi's Arrows through the fast kink at the end of the straight. Baldi spun into the catch fencing, while Mass' car was launched into the air and ended up in the spectator area just as Pironi's Ferrari had during private testing. A dozen spectators suffered some burns and minor injuries. Luckily nobody died, while Mass stepped out unhurt.

The promise of the Alfa team, quickest of the non-turbo cars in practice and running well up in the race in the early laps, came to nothing. Both cars fell back with tyre troubles, Giacomelli taking ninth place behind Lauda while De Cesaris' race, already worsening with a blocked fuel injector, finally came to an end when a front tyre exploded, putting him out of the race.

Two laps down Brian Henton and Manfred Winkelhock took the next two places, with Geoff Lees finishing in twelfth place after his Lotus debut was spoiled by a puncture just nine laps into the race.

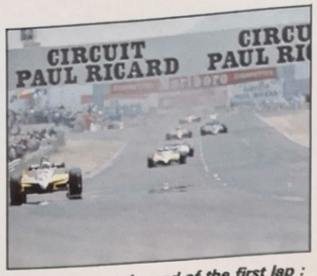
Things did not go well for the remaining Lotus either. De Angelis did not have many kind words to say to his team when he retired his car with fuel feed problems just 17 laps into the race, the same problem having plagued his car all week-end.

Thirteenth place went to Marc Surer's Arrows, Surer nursing his tyres and driving so slowly that he ended up 2 laps down. *"It was a boring race and I felt like I was driving an F2 car"* he said afterwards.

Although the Toleman Hart team did not make the sensational showing that they had at Brands Hatch two weeks ago, it was nevertheless a first for the team when Derek Warwick brought his car over the finish line.

If this race was anything to go by, it's going to take more than protests to stop more turbo run-away wins, especially considering the races coming up in the next few weeks. After a slow start, the rest of the 1982 season must belong to the turbo teams.

Jeff Hutchinson

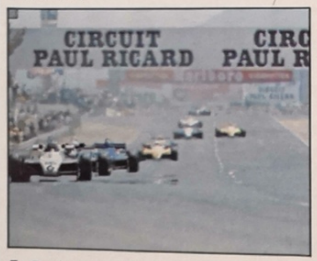


1. The order at the end of the first lap : Arnoux, Prost, Patrese and Piquet attacking Pironi. (B. Asset).

2. A few moments later, with Arnoux already through, it's Patrese chasing Prost. Piquet continues to hound Pironi, in vain, while Tambay brings up the rear of the turbo procession. (B. Asset).

3. Like Patrese, Piquet has only 100 litres of fuel in the tank of his Brabham. The weight advantage (about 100 kilos) enables him to make up ground rapidly. (B. Asset).

4. On the second lap, the atmospherics come through in the order Daly-Giacomelli-Lauda-de Cesaris -Watson. They are fighting for 7th place behind the six turbos. (B. Asset).



5. Rosberg in 12th place is ahead of de Angelis, Warwick (masked), Winkelhock, Cheever, Laffite and Salazar (soon to spin off), with Mass and Henton next up. (B. Asset).

6. Lap 2 and Arnoux is still in front. On the next lap, however, he will have to make way for Patrese's rapid Brabham-BMW. (B. Asset).

7. Like his team mate, Prost cannot hold back the other Brabham-BMW. The Anglo-German turbocars are pulling clear. (B. Asset).

8. Warwick, Cheever, Winkelhock and Laffite tackle the Virage de l'Ecole in formation on lap 3, holding 15th to 19th places. (First Line).

9. While holding a big lead, the engine of Patrese's Brabham blows up and catches fire. In spite of the flames, he tries to coast back to his pit. (First Line).

10. De Cesaris in the Alfa tries to hold off Alboreto in the Tyrrell. After a five lap struggle, Michele is destined to take over 7th place. (First Line).

11. Piquet's fuel stop was due to take place on lap 25, the Brabham mechanics stand ready for action. Out on the circuit, though, the world champion's engine has given up the ghost. (DPPI).

12. After a smooth race through the field all the way from 17th to 10th places, Elio de Angelis is forced to retire with something wrong in the Lotus's fuel feed system. (B. Asset).

13. The choice of tyres has been unusually critical, with several drivers forced to stop and change rubber. This is Giacomelli's Alfa, taking on four fresh Michelins after holding 7th place.

14. The Renaults reign at home : with Arnoux staying ahead of Prost. Pironi's Ferrari, suffering from lack of grip, has no chance of catching them, so the Frenchman wisely "makes do."

15. The Renault pit has signalled five times to Arnoux that he must relinquish the lead to Prost (on laps 44, 45, 49, 52 and 53). René takes no notice and sweeps onward to victory . (B. Asset).

16. Arnoux has won and his car is swamped by spectators. Prost, 17 seconds behind at the flag, has to be content with "only" six points. He is not at all happy about it... (B. Asset).

Paul Ricard statistics

FRENCH GRAND PRIX

Date : July 25, 1982
Circuit : Paul Ricard
Race distance : 54 laps, 196.087 miles
Weather : fine
Attendance : 70,000

PREVIOUS WINNERS

(Last five races)

1977 : ANDRETTI (Lotus Ford)
1978 : ANDRETTI (Lotus Ford)
1979 : JABOUILLE (Renault Turbo)
1980 : JONES (Williams Ford)
1981 : PROST (Renault RE30)

STARTING GRID

ARNOUX	**PROST**
Renault RE30B	Renault RE30B
1'34"406	1'34"688
PIRONI	**PATRESE**
Ferrari 126C2	Brabham-BMW BT50
1'35"790	1'35"811
TAMBAY	**PIQUET**
Ferrari 126C2	Brabham-BMW BT50
1'35"905	1'36"359
DE CESARIS	**GIACOMELLI**
Alfa Romeo 182	Alfa Romeo 182
1'37"573	1'37"705
LAUDA	**ROSBERG**
McLaren MP4/1B	Williams FW08
1'37"778	1'37"780
DALY	**WATSON**
Williams FW08	McLaren MP4/1B
1'38"767	1'38"944
DE ANGELIS	**WARWICK**
Lotus 91	Toleman-Hart TG181C
1'39"118	1'39"306
ALBORETO	**LAFFITE**
Tyrrell 011	Talbot-Ligier JS19
1'39"330	1'39"605
JARIER	**WINKELHOCK**
Osella FA1C	ATS HGS 1
1'39"909	1'39"917
CHEEVER	**SURER**
Talbot-Ligier JS19	Arrows A4
1'40"187	1'40"335
FABI	**SALAZAR**
Toleman-Hart TG181C	ATS HGS 1
1'40"421	1'40"673
HENTON	**LEES**
Tyrrell 011	Lotus 91
1'40"852	1'40"974
BALDI	**MASS**
Arrows A4	March 821
1'40"997	1'41"579

Not qualified :

LAMMERS (Theodore TY02) 1'41"714
GUERRERO (Ensign N181) 1'42"270
SERRA (Fittipaldi F8D) 1'42"414
BOESEL (March 821) 1'43"099

DRIVERS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

(After South Africa, Brazil, USA West, San Marino, Belgium, Monaco, Detroit, Montreal, Holland, Great Britain, France)

1.	PIRONI	—	1	—	9	—	6	4	—	9	6	4	39
2.	WATSON	1	6	1	—	9	—	9	4	—	—	—	30
3.	PROST	9	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	6	25
4.	LAUDA	3	—	9	—	—	—	—	—	3	9	—	24
5.	ROSBERG	2	—	6	—	6	—	3	—	4	—	2	23
6.	PATRESE	—	—	4	—	—	9	—	6	—	—	—	19
7.	PIQUET	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	9	6	—	—	17
8.	ARNOUX	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9	13
	DE ANGELIS	—	—	2	—	3	2	—	3	—	3	—	13
10.	ALBORETO	—	3	3	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	11
11.	CHEEVER	—	—	—	—	4	—	6	—	—	—	—	10
12.	MANSELL	—	4	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	7
	TAMBAY	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	3	7
	DALY	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	2	2	—	7
15.	VILLENEUVE	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
	REUTEMANN	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
17.	DE CESARIS	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	1	—	—	—	5
18.	JARIER	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3
	SURER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	2
20.	SALAZAR	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
	WINKELHOCK	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
22.	BALDI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	1
	LAFFITE	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1
	SERRA	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1

RESULT

1. ARNOUX	(Renault RE30B), 54 laps (196.087 miles) in 1h33'33"217, average speed 201,2 kph	
2. PROST	Renault RE30B	17"308 behind
3. PIRONI	Ferrari 126C2	42"128 behind
4. TAMBAY	Ferrari 126C2	1'16"241 behind
5. ROSBERG	Williams FW08	1'30"994 behind
6. ALBORETO	Tyrrell 011	1'32"339 behind
7. DALY	Williams FW08	1 lap behind
8. LAUDA	McLaren MP4 1B	1 lap behind
9. GIACOMELLI	Alfa Romeo 182	1 lap behind
10. HENTON	Tyrrell 011	1 lap behind
11. WINKELHOCK	ATS HGS 1	2 laps behind
12. LEES	Lotus 91	2 laps behind
13. SURER	Arrows A4	2 laps behind
14. LAFFITE	Talbot-Ligier JS19	3 laps behind
15. WARWICK	Toleman-Hart TG181C	4 laps behind
16. CHEEVER	Talbot-Ligier JS19	5 laps behind

CONSTRUCTORS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

1. McLaren 54pts - **2**. Ferrari 52pts - **3**. Renault 38pts - **4**. Brabham and Williams 36pts - **6**. Lotus 20pts - **7**. Talbot and Tyrrell 11pts - **9**. Alfa 5pts - **10**. ATS 4pts - **11**. Osella and Arrows 3pts - **13**. Fittipaldi 1pt.

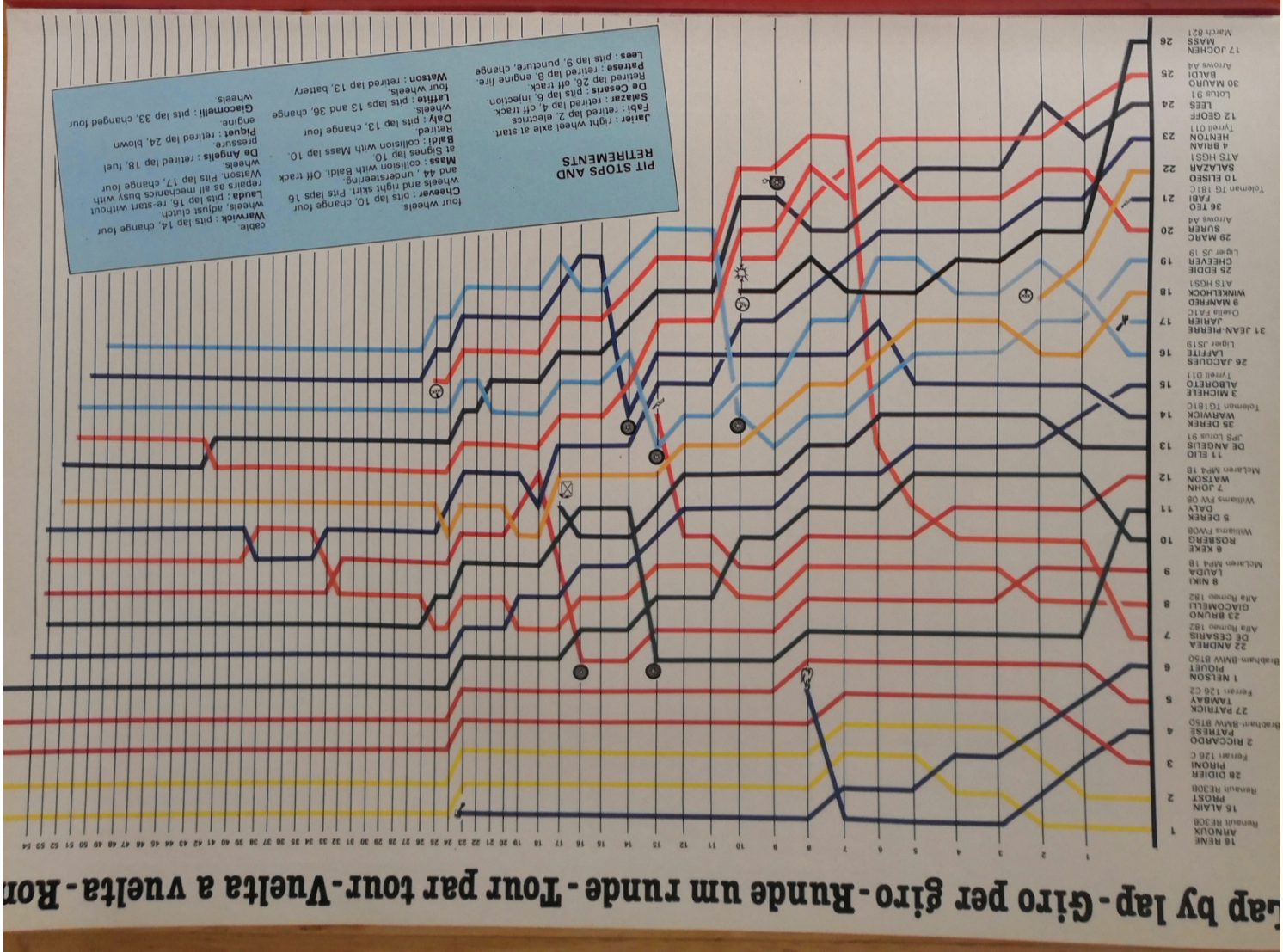
OFFICIAL QUALIFYING TIMES

	Untimed practice 1	Timed practice 1	Untimed practice 2	Timed practice 2	N° 1	N° 2	Warm-up sunday
ARNOUX	1'37"146	1'36"548	1'40"425	**1'34"406**	324	266	1'41"141
PROST	1'38"072	1'35"802	1'39"509	**1'34"688**	324	268	1'40"830
PIRONI	1'37"356	1'36"477	1'37"704	**1'35"790**	330	265	1'41"473
PATRESE	1'37"766	1'38"541	1'38"025	**1'35"811**	324	257	1'38"742
TAMBAY	1'38"179	1'38"745	1'40"450	**1'35"905**	346	253	1'42"627
PIQUET	1'38"497	1'37"162	1'38"778	**1'36"359**	321	260	1'39"698
DE CESARIS	1'39"138	1'38"996	1'38"454	**1'37"573**	300	270	1'43"822
GIACOMELLI	1'40"580	1'38"997	1'39"687	**1'37"705**	297	264	1'44"201
LAUDA	1'38"882	**1'37"778**	1'40"162	1'38"034	266	264	1'42"451
ROSBERG	1'42"684	**1'37"780**	1'39"889	1'38"865	300	278	1'42"831
DALY	1'43"825	**1'38"767**	1'42"727	1'39"641	292	274	1'44"326
WATSON	1'39"502	**1'38"944**	1'42"682	1'39"150	295	265	1'42"422
DE ANGELIS	1'40"339	1'40"569	1'39"904	**1'39"118**	297	277	1'44"264
WARWICK	1'42"325	1'41"266	1'46"994	**1'39"306**	318	244	1'46"609
ALBORETO	1'40"743	1'39"823	1'42"321	**1'39"330**	290	269	1'43"067
LAFFITE	1'43"199	1'40"326	1'40"150	**1'39"605**	292	267	1'48"012
JARIER	1'40"525	1'40"370	1'40"751	1'39"909	276	256	1'43"731
WINKELHOCK	1'42"826	**1'39"917**	1'41"850	1'39"942	288	273	1'44"849
CHEEVER	1'42"395	1'41"518	1'41"345	**1'40"187**	292	270	1'47"243
SURER	1'43"891	1'42"603	1'42"463	**1'40"335**	281	257	1'46"608
FABI	1'43"393	9'57"645	1'43"972	**1'40"421**	310	250	1'42"701
SALAZAR	1'44"141	1'42"822	1'42"439	**1'40"673**	288	252	1'45"252
HENTON	1'42"675	1'41"109	1'40"756	**1'40"852**	290	271	1'44"657
LEES	1'44"649	1'45"647	1'41"539	**1'40"974**	291	265	1'46"411
BALDI	1'41"226	1'42"162	1'41"928	**1'40"997**	285	258	1'44"717
MASS	1'43"390	1'41"973	1'42"109	**1'41"579**	285	254	1'45"201
LAMMERS	1'42"600	1'41"921	1'41"710	**1'41"714**	285	257	—
GUERRERO	1'45"301	**1'42"270**	1'43"670	1'42"532	279	255	—
SERRA	1'43"845	1'43"562	1'43"561	**1'42"414**	285	254	—
BOESEL	1'44"906	1'43"515	1'43"204	**1'43"099**	272	254	—

N° 1 : maximum speed registered in kph on the straight Saturday afternoon
N° 2 : maximum speed registered in kph at Signes curve Saturday afternoon

THEIR FASTEST LAPS

	Time	Lap n°
ARNOUX	1'41"850	2
PROST	1'42"579	5
PIRONI	1'42"915	3
TAMBAY	1'43"469	3
ROSBERG	1'44"323	47
ALBORETO	1'44"306	44
DALY	1'44"310	43
LAUDA	1'43"866	46
GIACOMELLI	1'44"464	35
HENTON	1'46"008	31
WINKELHOCK	1'46"923	16
LEES	1'45"321	46
SURER	1'47"588	2
LAFFITE	1'44"753	43
WARWICK	1'47"267	41
CHEEVER	1'45"462	47
DE CESARIS	1'44"844	3
PIQUET	1'40"940	3
DE ANGELIS	1'45"902	15
WATSON	1'45"013	3
MASS	1'46"965	4
BALDI	1'47"389	5
PATRESE	1'40"075	4
SALAZAR	1'47"394	3



Lap by lap - Giro per giro - Runde um runde - Tour par tour - Vuelta a vuelta - Ron

PAUL RICARD: THE MASTER-BUILDER

Ask any of the circuit owners around the world how and why they are in this peculiar business of organizing motor races, the chances are they will tell you that they took in a love of the sport with their mothers' milk; a few will tell you that, when young, they also happened to race.
Visit Paul Ricard and bring up racing — even as a matter of form — and you run the risk of facing a raised eyebrow. He will tell you, bang-bang, looking you straight in the eye: *"I built this circuit because I wanted to know if it was as hard to build motorways, at a time when the infrastructure of roads in France was still in the horse-and-buggy stage, as the government claimed."*
The tone of our talk was established. The surprises came one after another...

Didier Braillon

Come out of the Paul Ricard circuit by the Matra gate, which lies on the North-East, turn left towards Signes and head into the little village the Ricard company built for its workers; then you only have to go straight on and you will come right into the splendid property of the lord of this particular manor. It may take you a few minutes. The road winds through the wilds of Provence, resonant with cicada, before reaching the heights at the *Tête de l'Evêque,* the Bishop's Head. At the top, once you have parked your car next to the 4×4 Cournil — that indispensable tool to explore the 2,000-plus acres of his domain — and stroked the several dogs who come out to greet you, the door opens. But not before you give a last look around at the superb landscape behind you, seemingly without end, in the middle of which lie, way down there, the twists and turns of the majestic circuit. The circuit which, when built in 1970, was the safest in Europe and twelve years later, still is.
The perfect host, Paul Ricard is already at the door; in true Mediterranean style, he steps behind his bar and offers you any of the multitudinous drinks the company makes. The idea is to make you relax, to change your mood. And you need it, because the heat outside is fierce. Furthermore, so that our photographer does not fall into a void, we fill our glasses with 'Pacific', the latest product of the Ricard group. It looks like the real thing, tastes like the real thing, but has no alcohol.
It's the fiftieth anniversary of the Ricard company. Paul Ricard was all of 23 when, in 1932 and in times of grave economic crisis, he created, with his father's agreement, a new aperitif based on anise.

Provencal hospitality is the name of the game chez Paul Ricard. The bar is well-stocked and a bottle of each Ricard product displayed.

Painting is an abiding passion with Paul Ricard. Several hundreds of his paintings cover the walls. Colleagues, family and friends are his favourite subjects...

Then a student at the *Beaux Arts* (School of Fine Arts) in Marseille, it was Paul Ricard who himself drew the label; on which, naturally enough, he put his own name.

Samples were distributed to the bars around the Canebière in Marseille; success was instantaneous. A business is born, in the back of the wine-shop Paul's father, Joseph Ricard, runs. The premises quickly become office, works and warehouse and throughout the night, friends from around the corner come in to help fill the bottles and label them. 250,000 liters were sold the first year. Today, Ricard is one of the ten most consumed drinks in the world. Group sales are some 73 million bottles a year...

Since 1968, however, control of the firm passed to Paul's son Patrick, who has four brothers and sisters. But Paul is hardly 'retired': he watches over everything, gives his advice; his philosophy governs the business.

Once we have finished our glass of 'Pacific', we get to talking about the circuit. Paul's reply you have heard. His explanation followed:

"The authorities were incredibly lax and negligent about the road network. As I said, we were really back in the horse-and-buggy days. It might take a week to build by-passes around the towns; it wasn't done. A little thought showed how vital it might be to have clearways with an extra lane on which police and ambulances might reach an accident or obstacle without running into a rat-trap; it wasn't done. I wanted to see how much a motorway might cost. I applied the principle of clear emergency lanes. That gave me a circuit. I built it all on my own with money that belonged to the Ricard company; I had no help whatever from the authorities. Quite the contrary: they did everything they could do to put spokes in my wheels, including endless delays in connecting the track to the main road, a job they only finished just before the inauguration. It didn't bother us. We did all the work in a week!"

Paul Ricard gets progressively more excited as he remembers those days. He loves the circuit as any artist loves his creation, as an engineer admires a work of art. His hands are in constant motion and his arms make arabesques in the air. But racing itself does not impress him greatly:

"Of course I had to become interested in cars; they are after all the number one invention of the century. But racing was no business of mine. All I knew about the sport was the hill-climb race at Le Castellet just after the war, the Ceyreste climb near le Ciotat and the Nîmes Grands Prix, which were famous in their day."

So Paul Ricard created a circuit much as he might have built a dam or put up a cathedral: as the master-builder he is. And the circuit brings in nothing; on the contrary, it costs him a pretty penny.

"It's there to please the public. Yes, just like that. Without any sort of subsidy. In fact, I have to lay out money, for I pay their taxes. When we issued stock to finance the construction of the track, the state took 8% of the entry money as value-added tax. It was a fair whack!"

His voice rises still higher, so does the level of passion. The government, or rather all governments, are his hobby-horse:

"Look how they waste the money! It would be a lot smarter to send surplus harvests to the third world instead of weapons. Weapons which might one day be used against us!"

Paul Ricard was once Mayor of Signes, the charming little village a few kilometers North-East of the circuit. In time, he resigned:

"My work was made utterly useless. Whatever I did, I came up against this incredible bureaucracy which ruins the country and creates unemployment. We manufacture cars but don't build roads, we encourage families but don't build schools, we subsidise birth but we don't build housing... I wonder what our heritage will be; we inherited cathedrals and castles; we have done nothing... but build council flats!"

The beautiful and the aesthetic are Paul Ricard's passion. His leisure hours are spent painting, creating ideal shapes for boats; from which he passes to his 'laboratory' where he studies making fresh water from salt, or the life-forms of forests, or geothermics; and then it is likely to be back to his oenology, test-tubes and retorts to hand. His painting is no throw-away activity and a number of rooms in his house are little more than a huge art gallery. Hundreds and hundreds of canvases fill the walls: they are his own work. He registers landscapes, scenes from the Camargue; but above all, he depicts his collaborators, his friends, his family. He is reputed to paint quickly, so much so that it seems he might paint from photographs:

"In no way," he says. *"If you want to paint someone, you must know the man, and there are some paintings it takes a lifetime to finish."* But from his early days, Ricard has always painted: first at the lycée, then during his military service.

"I did drawings of the whole company, either in chalk or charcoal; I sometimes did as many as eight portraits a day..."

It would be pleasant to spend more time studying his pictures, but Paul shows the way to yet another room. This is where he fashions his boats. They are models made of pine: *"Good, high trees cut just before they die,"* he says proudly and precisely, following that up with a monologue on forests and wood fires. *"It is not Canadair,"* he says (referring to the fire-fighting planes in constant use during the local drought, the worst in nearly a hundred years) *"which should be saving our forests but our loggers. If we use kerosene fires, it is because the government encourages us to do so, because it draws substantial revenue from its sale."*

Ricard has owned many boats: all of them sailboats and designed by himself: *"To build a boat, you must know the sea. The Black Sea, the Adriatic, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean: these are my domain, and the boats that tie up on the islands of Bendor or Embiez were designed by me..."*

Paul Ricard knows the sea well; he also serves the sea well, since he commissioned the fabulous multi-hull of Eric Tabarly. Yet nothing of the earth is lost to him; the environment of the circuit, the little villages of Aubagne, Roquevaire, the mountain mass of Sainte-Baume are just as much part of his domain, as they were of the writer Marcel Pagnol, who spent the best-remembered years of his childhood in the area and made it the scene of almost all of his novels: an atmosphere of fragrant bushes, of pine, lavender, of cicada, heat and the heavy storms so eagerly awaited by the local farmers. Marius, Fanny, Cesar, Manon les Sources, The Glory of my Father, My Mother's Castle, those long, hot, secret days are part of the mythology of the circuit, as were, once those rock-partridge who fell to those famous two-birds-with-one shots.

"I knew Marcel Pagnol well. He was first and foremost a scientist. He had invented a car which he never managed to get built, and he wanted to find gold in the Camargue in the Rhône delta. The idea came to him while he taught, in Tarascon, the sons of those latterday forty-niners who before the First World War would sift the sands of the Rhône to find their occasional nuggets."

Paul Ricard and Marcel Pagnol met during the filming of *Marius* and Ricard fell in love with the cinema:

"Subsequently I was responsible for the first 'colour' films. These were based on a three-colour process drawn from printing and called for three screens: one red, one blue and one yellow. The results were not exactly sensational, for if the projectionist didn't get his focus just right the picture went all fuzzy."

Ricard's childhood memories are much the same as Pagnol's: *"There used to be a tramway that came up from Marseille to Aubagne and another between Toulon and le Beausset. Between the two, for some thirty kilometers, there was nothing but a few small inns and stages between the terraces of the peasant smallholdings on the hills.*

"Once, when I was ten or eleven, my father brought me from Marseille in his big Berliet with its chain drive to collect his wines. The journey took three or four hours because the truck couldn't do more than 20 kph. After a huge midday lunch, he let me take over the wheel at a point where the road man straight and told me to head towards the plateau."

And Ricard adds mischievously: *"It was just where the circuit now is and obviously, if I had told him then that fifty years later there would be an airport there and that cars would travel on it at 300 kph, all on his 500 acres of land, he would have had me put away!"*

Somewhat circuitously, we have come back to the track, and Paul Ricard, eyes sparkling, recalls that his design for the circuit was the fruit of much work and thought on the part of the great drivers of the day, led by Jean-Pierre Beltoise. This was after a first sketch from the pen of that much-lamented student of aerodynamics, Charles Deutsch, had been considered unsatisfactory, because it lacked any straights:

"I took my inspiration from Corsican folklore. The locals there say that the road engineers would build their roads following in donkey-tracks. I used the same principle and I followed the contours the drivers wanted..."

The sun is going down, over there, behind the hills, and the cry of the cicada has become even more obsessive, as though they wanted to use the very last rays of the sun. The vegetation, meanwhile, overheated, at last takes a deep breath. It is time to go back down, to leave this haven of peace in which Paul Ricard spends hours that are both joyous and serene. One more visit to the bar, a tribute to tradition, and we leave this 73-year-old patriarch to his own tasks. For his day is far from done. Will he paint this evening? or carry out some experiment in his laboratory? Will he lovingly polish the model of some future boat? Will he do the rounds of his domain in that 4 × 4 Cournil?

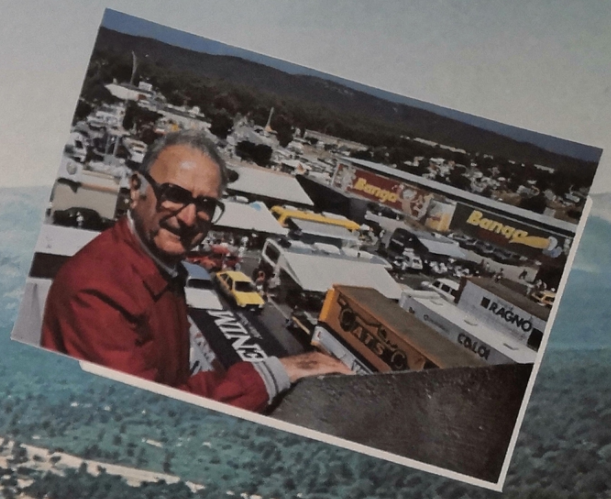
Will-he, nill-he, he has a rendezvous with the local authorities. His ' retirement , which began officially a mere fourteen years ago, when he resigned to demonstrate his irritation at a ruling clique of technocrats, is more than a little busy.

Yet how many spectators, when they head for the Paul Ricard Circuit to follow the Grand Prix of Fance, the Motorcycle 24-Hour Race, the dragster speed trials of the endless tests carried out during the winter by Formula One teams or teams from Formula 2 or Sports Cars, know how much of their luck is due not to a man with a man passion for auto sport, but to one who was angered by the lackadaisical efforts of the state?

Few, no doubt. But to find out, all they would have had to do would have been to ask the man himself when he comes to tour 'his' circuit on the Saturday and Sunday of the Grand Prix: to have a look at those wierd single-seater cars which probably evoke no reaction in his heart but for whom he has offered a grand park to which all who do love them may come. To give pleasure to the public. Disinterestedly. That is one of the most basic ideas of a man who can claim that he has used the great fortunes gained by his company to a worthy end.

After all, these days, that is not all that common...

□



Built in 1970, the Paul Ricard circuit remains the safest track in Europe. From his splendid house on the Bishop's Head, Paul Ricard can study it at his ease.

FITTIPALDI F9: KEEPING UP

The Fittipaldi F9, which appeared briefly on the second day of practice at Brands Hatch, is another conventional F1 car. It was designed under the supervision of the Anglo-Brazilian engineer Ricardo (or Richard) Divila, who has taken over technical responsibility for the Brazilian-financed team after several years' absence from the circuits. Divila, who has been with the Fittipaldi brothers ever since their Formula Vee days, was responsible for the first two F1 Fittipaldi cars in 1975 and 1976.

Giorgio Piola

For many months the Fittipaldi team has been going through hard times, often struggling to survive. In F1 terms, this has involved several failures even to qualify, which is why the first requirement for the team's new car was that it should be able to get on to the grid without a long development programme. Accordingly, the F9 is a strictly conventional design which it is hoped will soon prove quicker than the F8 designed by Doctor Harvey Postlethwaite — which made its debut at Brands exactly two years ago.

The basic construction of the F9, in aluminium honeycomb, is similar to that of the F8 — with a number of new ideas — although Divila has some reservations about honeycomb's safety properties in the event of a major accident. To ensure a high level of torsional rigidity he has made the monocoque in the form of two "half shells" (right and left) which are then bonded together. With safety in mind, Divila has not tried to save weight in the material parts of the chassis: on the contrary, he has increased the thickness of the honeycomb used from three quarters of an inch to one inch.

The front section of the F9 is now narrower and longer than the F8: narrowness is obviously vital for improving aerodynamic penetration, while the extra length increases driver protection in the area of the pedals.

Ten centimetres higher than on the F8, the revised fuel tank of the F9 is more efficient than on the F8.

On the suspension side, not surprisingly, Divila has adopted Gordon Murray's ideas by using a pull-rod system with rising rate geometry, a neat copy of the Brabham layout.

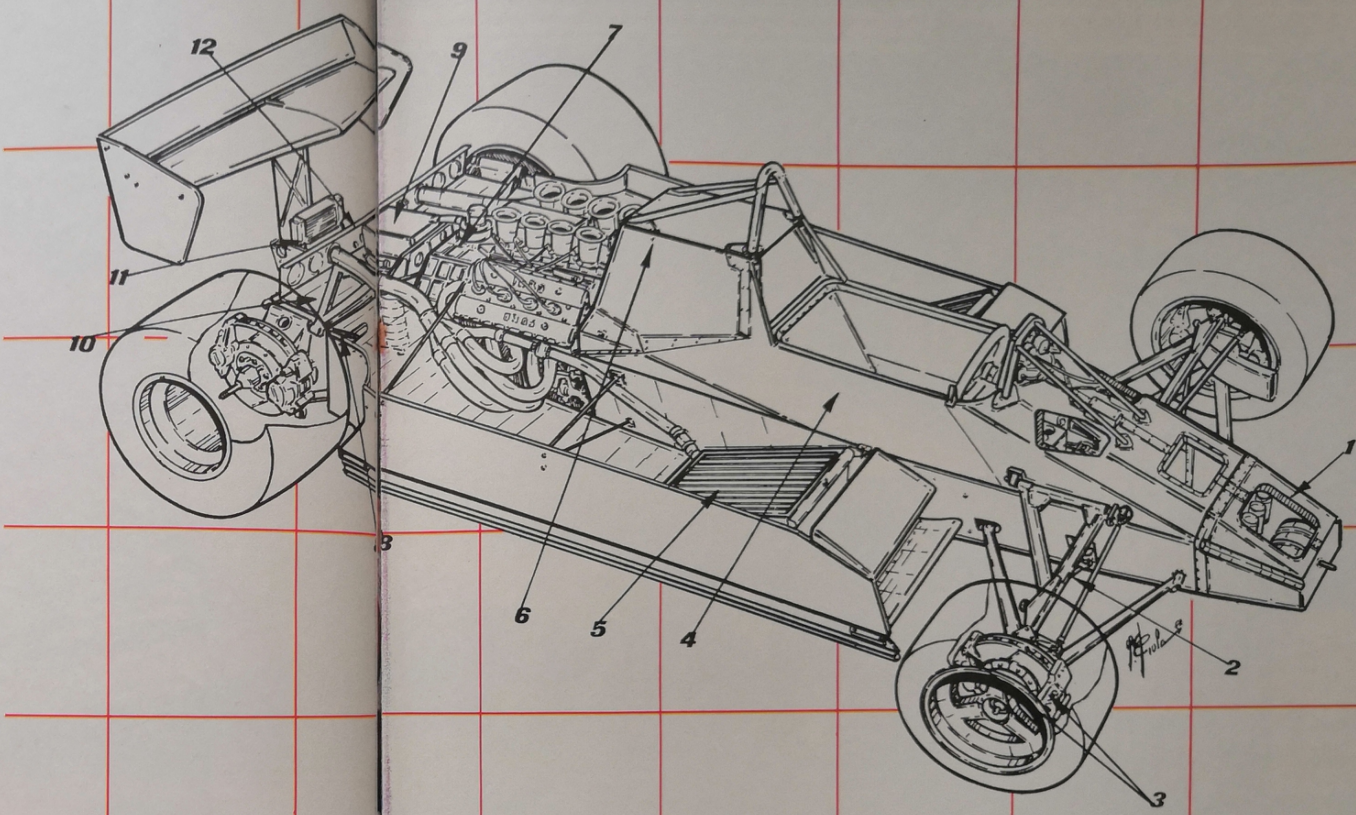
The aerodynamics (Divila's speciality) are the result of a lot of work in the Imperial College wind tunnel using a quarter-scale model. Immediately noticeable is the choice of a wide, flat nose, similar to that used on the Williams FW08.

Completed in only three months, the F9 is the result of some day and night work by the Fittipaldi crew, which includes Tim Wright, an F1 newcomer, on the design side. The bare monocoque was delivered to the team's Reading workshop on the Monday before Zandvoort and the car was ready in time for a brief test at Donington (with incomplete bodywork) a few days before Brands Hatch.

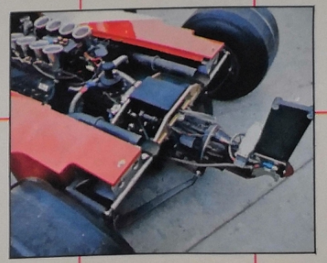
Following some further work at the circuit, the F9 was able to be run in public for the first time in the "untimed" session on Saturday morning. After nearly ten laps, Chico Serra managed to do a time which was within a few hundredths of his best with the F8. *"Not bad,"* said Divila: *"quick out of the box — and only 40 laps on the clock."* There was no intention, however, to risk the new car in the race itself.

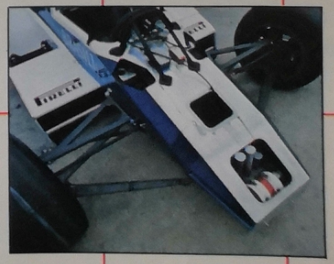
Although its present weight is just over the 580 kg limit, the F9 could easily be brought down to 565 kg if the regulations should so permit. For the time being, it is likely that it will have to be ballasted like most of the Cosworth-engined cars.

Dimensions:
Wheelbase: 104 ins.
Front track: 74 ins.
Rear track: 68 ins.
Honeycomb gauge: 1 in instead of 0.75 in (as on F8).



1. - The aluminium honeycomb chassis, although similar to the F8 of Harvey Postlethwaite, is constructed somewhat differently. The honeycomb itself is now of heavier one-inch gauge.
2. - The front suspension is of the Brabham "pull rod" type.
3. - Twin calipers for the disc brakes.
4. - The driver sits much further forward than on the F8.
5. - The radiators are conventional: they are located in the pontoons exactly as on all the other wing cars.
6. - The fuel tank is much shorter (and thus somewhat higher) than on the F8.
7. - In order to throw the weight forward, an unusually long spacer is fitted beteen the engine and transmission. A secondary advantage is greatly improved airflow over the rear wing.
8. - Brabham-type rear suspension.
9. Oil catch-tank placed flat under the gear-box.
10. The side-pods entend very far to the rear.
11. Small oil radiator in gear-box.
12. Perforated structure as with McLaren or Alfa Romeo; the rear part of the upper chassis rests on it.





Postcard from Paul Ricard

While skirts rose...

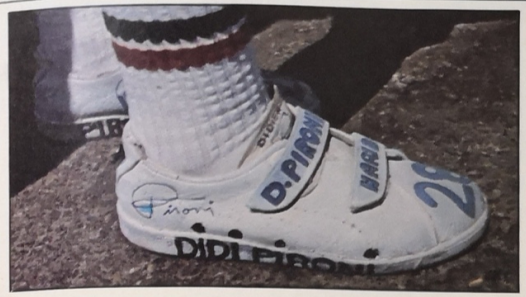
God bless the Mistral!

Renault and Ricard is an old combo.

René's victory was greeted with acclaim.

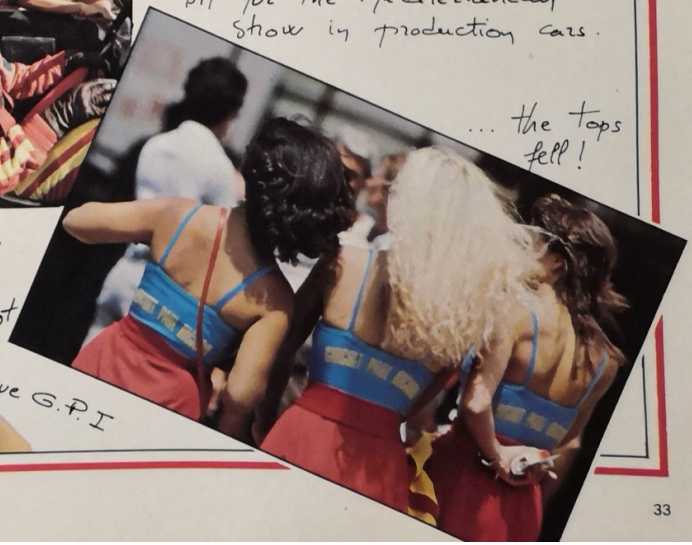
A fetching TV starlet, Véronique Jannot

Love G.P.I



With Piroui, it's the foot that counts.

Jean-Pierre Beltoise did his bit for the Mediterranean show in production cars.



... the tops fell!

FITTIPALDI: HANGING IN THERE...

Emerson is a Brazilian and proud of it. His attachment to his country is great, the proof being that he retired from racing to become part of a national team effort. His faith in Brazil is runs the gamut: from the striking women on his arms to his colleagues, such as his engineer Ricardo Divila, a collaborator from the start and creator of the new Fittipaldi F9.

After winning two World Championships in 1972 and 1974, which made him a living legend and a very wealthy man in his native Brazil, Emerson Fittipaldi could have hung up his helmet and enjoyed the good life for the rest of his years like so many other World Champions before and since. But he didn't.

Besides the money he has made from motor racing, he and his brother Wilson Jr share a profitable Mercedes bus and truck agency as well as a large orange plantation close to his São Paulo home. It could have been a very good life indeed for Emerson and his wife Maria Helena and their three children Juliana, Jayson and Tatiana, but unlike other world champions, the driving force that got Emerson to the top 10 years ago is still as strong as it ever was.

Jeff Hutchinson

"Ever since I was a schoolboy, I have always loved competition," says Emerson, and it was that love of challenge that saw him quit top teams like Lotus and McLaren to join his brother in his own Formula One team in 1976, first as a driver and now, since the beginning of the 1981 season, as team manager of the Fittipaldi racing team. Eight months ago, the team had almost ceased to exist. *"Last year was a very difficult time for us. Sponsorship we expected and had already signed never came. We did not have the money to develop the cars or test as much as we should have and by the end of the season we were struggling even to qualify,"* explained Emerson. There were rumours that the team would fold up, but Emerson sunk a great deal of his own money into his team to keep it afloat. Harvey Postlethwaite and Peter Warr, who had joined the team when team Fittipaldi bought out the Wolf Racing team, had both quit by the end of the season.

Emerson explained : *"I went to Brazil in December to try and find the sponsorship that would allow us to continue."* Over the next two months Emerson used his Brazilian pull to put together a deal win a Brazilian investment concern called Brasilinvest.

The plan was for ten different companies to alternate their names around the car throughout the season. *"We got enough to survive, but it is still very difficult for us and we only have the budget to run a one-car team."*

The lack of success over the past couple of seasons may have been disheartening for Emerson, but it has only reinforced his determination to make the Fittipaldi team into one of the top teams in one of the toughest sports there is. *"I see Emerson less now than I did when he was driving,"* says Maria Helena. When Emerson is not at the race track, he is at the Fittipaldi Reading factory running the racing team. Brother Wilson remains in Brazil organising their other business interests.

His bautiful home in a small Swiss farming village overlooking Lausanne and Lac Leman is up for sale and Emerson is moving his family to England where he will to able to see them more than just in flying weekend visits.

At 35 years old, Emerson is still young enough to go back to a successful racing career, so then why doesn't he ? *"I must admit that I came very close to doing that at the beginning of the season. If I was driving the car it would be very easy for me to get sponsorship for the team. I asked a lot of close friends what they thought about it, but in the end I decided that the most important thing, the right mental attitude, was not there. I made my decision to give up racing when I sat on the grid in Austria and was looking around at all the other drivers thinking that I was the only one left of all the drivers who started with me in 1970. Some have retired, but a lot of have been forced out by bad accidents or been killed. It's like playing roulette. You might play for a long time without your number coming up, but every time the odds get a bit less and you begin to think that it is just a matter of time before you're not on the grid either, I could still go back to driving. Things do change and in a few months or a year I might* ***want*** *to race again, but I would not return unless it was like Niki, with 100 percent dedication".*

Emerson suffered a lot of criticism in his final year of driving, people saying that he was not putting in the effort that he had in the past. It is a criticism which he strongly denies.

"Nowadays it is very hard to tell how hard a driver is trying. If the car is not working well he might be trying harder than he has ever done and still not even qualify. It was like that for me at Monaco in 1980. With half an hour to go neither of our cars were in the race. I sat in the pit lane for a few minutes and thought about all the points I could drive over the limit to gain a few hundredths of a second and not have a bad crash if I went off the track. I drove harder then than I think I have ever done in my career. I brushed the guard rails in a dozen places and managed to get the car into the race at the back of the grid; but probably nobody even noticed how hard I had to drive to do that."

Motor racing is like that. Probably, nobody notices either just how much of a like effort Emerson puts into his team. The effort is overshadowed by that of more successful teams. Yet his dedication is as great as ever. *"When we took the new F9 out for the first time I was as excited as a schoolboy,"* says Emerson. This latest car of the Fittipaldi line is the one Emerson hopes will change his future. Competing from the other side of the pit wall has already done much to temper his raw enthusiasm with the realities of building up a successful racing team.

"It can be very frustating to know that you are always limited in what you can do by the amount of money that's available to you. I know there is no way we can compete with teams like Williams and Brabham on a budget like ours; but Frank started off that way and built up a successful team and that is what I want to do. My hope now is to get a few good results before the end of the year which will allow us to find more sponsorship and do a better job next year. If I can, I will run a two-car team, for it is the only way to go. You always have a double chance of finishing well up in the race and when something happens like it did to Chico at Brands Hatch you don't just pack up and go home after three laps."

Emerson's latest car, unlike the previous Fittipaldi chassis, was considerably influenced by Emerson. *"With the previous cars Wilson and I always gave the designers a free hand to build the car exactly the way they wanted to. I think that has been one of our biggest problems. With the F9 I spoke a lot about the design with Ricardo Divila, who has been working with me for the past 18 years. I wanted to keep the car as simple as possible and discussed a lot about the general layout and in particular about the aerodynamics. I would like to have kept Keke this year, but we could not afford to pay him what he was worth. I have been very pleased with Chico and think that he will be as good as Keke when he has more experience. At Brands Hatch he switched from the old F8 to the new car which is completely different and did the same time in 10 laps. I was very impressed with his performance."*

It is not only Chico who is learning. Emerson admits that over the past couple of years he has learned a lot about running his team and made a lot of mistakes along the way. The original Fittipaldis were all built in Brazil and then assembled in England with their workshops little more than a summer base for the essentially all Brazilian team. One of the reasons for buying the Wolf team was to shift the operation into their lavishly-equipped Reading workshops and nowadays everything for the latest Fittipaldi cars is made 'in-house'.

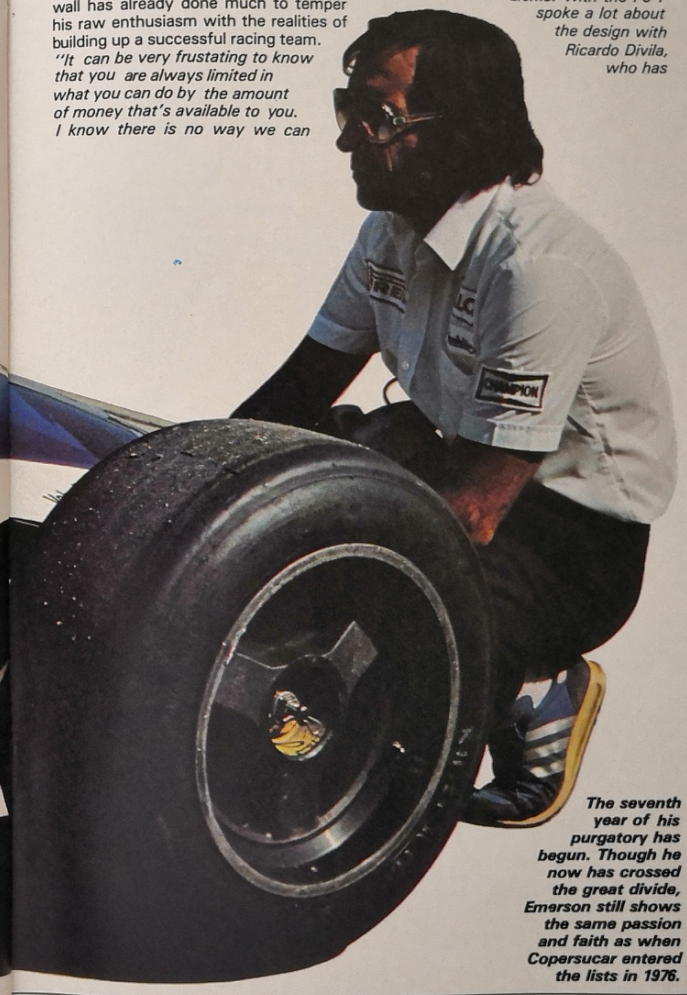
"When you want to change the design of something or make new parts during the season it was a big drawback having to arrange things from 7 000 miles away," says Emerson. Even Lausanne is too far away these days, and, it was with regret that Emerson and his wife explained why the only house that they had ever really called home and designed from scratch must now take second place to the racing team.

As a man, Emerson has changed very little over the years. He still wears that warm Brazilian smile, gets a glint in his eyes when he talks about the Brazilian race's unique joy of living and no matter how pleasent his European surroundings may be would never dream calling anywhere else but Brazil 'home'.

He still keeps remarkably fit and claims that he could step back into a racing car, should he decide to do so, with no problem at all.

His trophy collection decorates his shelves back home in Brazil where he has nearly every F1 car he has ever driven in his career plus a few more. In Europe, he makes do with a model collection of the same cars built especially for him by one of his many racing fans.

Although Emerson has a few more wrinkles to show than he had ten years ago, the hard times of the past few years have not altered his love of the sport one bit, I remember interviewing Emerson back in 1972 a week after he won the Spanish GP. One remark stayed with me. *"I love to drive a racing car. To get paid to drive a racing car is like a dream."* As a driver, Emerson's dreams have been realised. As a constructor those dreams are as strong as they ever were. The grey beginning to show in his jet black hair and the wrinkles around his eyes might outwardly show the signs of approaching middle age, but inside the man still beats the heart of a schoolboy with a burning passion for motor racing which no amount of hardship will ever change. □

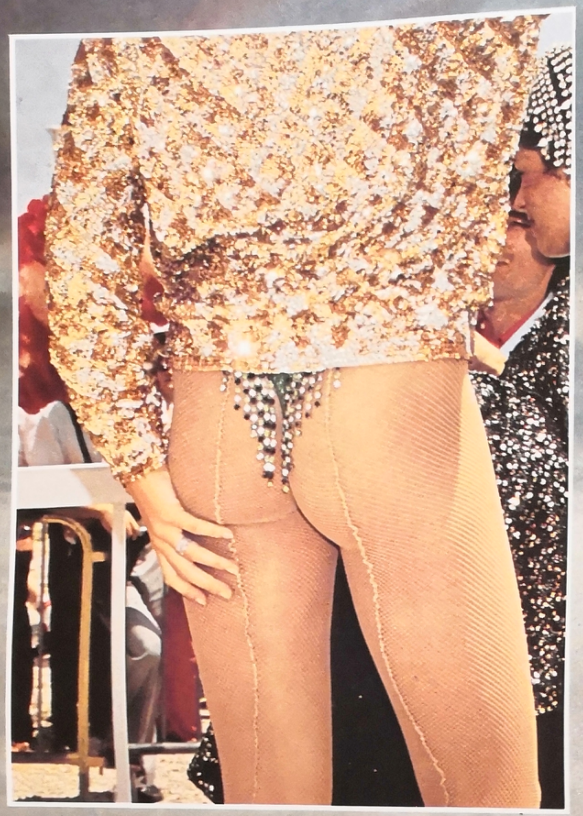


The seventh year of his purgatory has begun. Though he now has crossed the great divide, Emerson still shows the same passion and faith as when Copersucar entered the lists in 1976.

Bernard Asset has obviously fallen in love with the Alfa Romeo engine. Twice in eight days is a bit much but we just couldn't bring ourselves to bury this picture in our archives without first sharing it with you...

PATRESE : FLAME AND FIRE !

Riccardo held the lead for a mere four laps, between laps 3 and 7. His Brabham BMW had half-full tanks. With his engine on fire near the end of the straight, he was brave or foolhardy enough to try to bring his car back to the pits. It was a combination of cool and heat: cool head and hot rear. Maybe his aim was to get under one of the Canadair fire-fighters which were trying to control a forest fire a few scant kilometers from the circuit! (Photos : First Line and B. Asset).



Whether you watch Alain Prost gobbling up the kerb to come out of the esses of Sainte Baume at full speed and attack the straight or ask your photographer to catch the essential girl from the Moulin Rouge, it's all part of the super scenario of Formula One. And the back view is not at all bad. (Photos: B. Asset and J. Blakemore).

ASPIRATING UNHAPPINESS

A tight bunch of normally-aspirated cars come into the braking point at the chicane. Rosberg is ahead of de Angelis, Alboreto, an intruder called Warwick, Winkelhock and Laffite, who is being nipped on the inside by Cheever. Eddie, like Elio, must be sitting in his cockpit thinking how tough life now is for those without turbos, and certainly neither Jarier nor even Lauda can say it ain't so. (Photo First Line)

Nothing at Paul Ricard is like any other track: neither coming into the pits thrugh a tunnel nor exiting over a tiny, bumpy bridge. (photos: B. Asset).

FERRARI: SMOOTH

Busy mechanics under the fantastic engine of the 126C2 suggest the one-time Ferrari Latin panic. Nothing of the kind. The Scuderia has now got a super-competitive car. Didier Pironi concentrates, knowing he now has real hopes of conquering the title. (photos : J. Cochin et First Line).

EXTRA, EXTRA

A PUZZLE OVER RUBBER

A notable feature of the French GP, and one which the tyre companies will want to forget, was the number of pit stops to change tyres. Apart from two punctures (Lees and Daly), we counted nine pit stops during the race for fresh rubber, Laffite taking the individual record with three complete changes. He was so desperate after one stop that his Ligier felled four mechanics as it was accelerated back into action.

The cars which suffered most were those with Cosworth engines. Anxious to give away as little as possible to the much faster turbos, team managers took risks with their choice of race rubber. But there was also confusion among the tyre engineers themselves, possibly because the hundreds of laps done after F1 practice by the cars taking part in the supporting races had caked the circuit with rubber and altered the condition of the surface itself.

Keke Rosberg, the leading non-turbo finisher, declared that his Williams was almost undriveable right from the beginning of the race. *"It makes a mockery when you've spent three days testing at a circuit, then two days practising, and the track changes completely overnight,"* he said.

The Michelin-shod McLarens were in equally bad trouble. *"We ran reasonably well in the warm up,"* said designer John Barnard, *"but afterwards Pierre Dupasquier of Michelin suggested that we might race on a compound we hadn't even considered before. The tyres we put on Niki's car were a complete guess... and of course he had to stop and change them. I hate to say it, but it was tyres which were responsible for Niki's troubles here."*

Mike Doodson

PERPETUAL APPRENTICE

When Geoff Lees qualified his Lotus 91 for the French GP, it extended an already extraordinary record. For in his four-year Grand Prix career Geoff has the unenviable record of having driven only five GPs, yet each one in a different car. Ensign, Shadow, Tyrrell and Theodore were joined by Lotus when Geoff was telephoned only two days before the Grand Prix and asked to replace Nigel Mansell whose arm had been replastered after the British GP.

Geoff is one of the more experienced "reserve" drivers, having already stood in for the injured Jan Lammers at the ill-fated Canadian GP. *"There are lots of drivers with super-licences,"* explained Lotus team manager Peter Warr, *"but few with the sort of experience that we require."*

The 1981 Formula 2 champion was attempting to do what Roberto Moreno had failed to achieve at Zandvoort : qualify and race the Lotus 91 which he had never previously driven. His problem was similar to Moreno's : *"You have to have confidence in yourself and really push it hard to feel safe and I've scarcely driven at all this year. I've done two F2 races in Japan and a bit in the Group C Aston Martin, so at the moment I'm having to give it a confidence lift in Les Signes* (the super-quick right-hander at the end of the straight.)"

Geoff's first day in a Lotus didn't allow him many miles in the car :

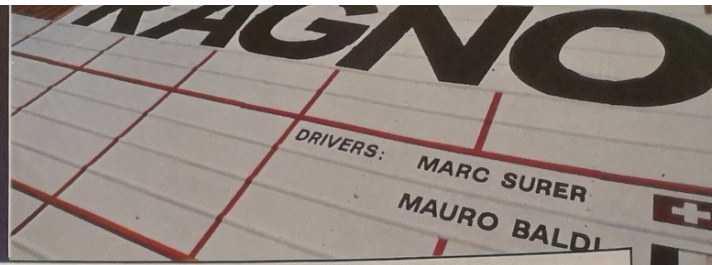
"I missed a gearchange this morning and the engine blew, but in the afternoon, it blew on its own. I've got a couple of seconds to make up now. I should be able to manage that tomorrow."

Despite not being in the best of health, Geoff succeeded in putting the car on the grid on saturday, qualifying 23rd on the 26 car grid. Racing for Lotus would be a dream come true : *"I remember watching Jimmy Clark and Peter Arundel racing Lotuses, and I used to think : gosh, that's the team to drive for. Now it's happened. And Mr Chapman is fantastic. Everyone says how hard he is, but he's been super to me, even though I've blown two of his engines"*.

But making Geoff even happier was the fact that he was employed. He lives a mere 15 miles or so from Nigel Mansell and the two were team-mates in the F2 Ralt-Honda team at Hockenheim in 1980. But while Mansell went on to drive for the Lotus team, Geoff continued in F2 and won the 1981 championship for Ralt and Honda. But it didn't do him any good. No F1 offers came his way.

"I may have to go and get regular job outside racing," he said at the beginning of this season. Although a couple of drives have come his way, the job idea has remained fixed in his mind. *"I've come really close to getting a job, probably buying and selling road cars and doing bodywork. That was my job before I went professional. But the recession has hit even that badly."*

So Geoff was free to practice and race the second Lotus. In the race, he was challenging Henton when he had to *"take evasive action. I must have picked up a puncture when I went off the track, so I had to pit. I just wish I hadn't had that puncture. I might have got some points. I felt a lot better halfway through the race, but I still need more running in the car. I just wish I could do some more..."* B.C.



THE SEARCH FOR EL DORADO

Would you buy a pig in a poke? The sponsors, who are to Formula One what oxygen is to the brain, know what they are doing. For them, the sport is uniquely big, uniquely successful. It is the goose that lays the golden eggs in a way that no other sport does. Do you want to change an image? Sell a new product? Cultivate your buyers or your employees? Then use Formula One. It is modern, smart, top of the market and bang on target!!

Keith Botsford

Behind these coinages of the advertising world are some real and surprising facts. For instance, the sport gets to more people in more countries — something like 400 million people, to be exact, in forty countries per race. It is the ultimate XXth century sport, and its only real rival, football, with its origins in the popular sports of the XIXth century and its image of discomfort suffered by the plebs for ephemeral loyalties, can't touch it. If this weren't so, would sponsors pour into the sport the kind of money they do?

It wasn't that way a bare fifteen years ago. As Alan Jones once said: *"When I started out, you got a tin of motor oil, a sandwich and a beer after the race and you considered yourself lucky."* All that has changed. The instrument of change has undoubtedly been television, but television is only the tip of the iceberg. Consider the other advantage that Formula One offers the enterprising sponsor. In the words of the man who should know, Bernard Ecclestone, the man who professionalized and commercialized the sport, thus giving it continuity and the kind of audience that sponsors dream of: *It is instant editorial space, of the kind you can't just go out and buy. If you are in it for reasons of public relations, it allows you to have a valid reason for bringing someone to the circuit, and a circuit is where people want to be. It is chic, it is up to date. In Formula One you've got a genuine reason for advertising it's a place to hang your hat."*

As Ecclestone adds, *"You couldn't buy the kind of coverage, the kind of consistent, year-long coverage, that Formula One gives at any price."*

How true is that? Leo Mehl of Goodyear corroborated the evidence. *"When we got out of the sport"*, he said, *"we began to get protests from our dealers in Italy and France and just about everywhere else. If they didn't have Formula One to talk about, they were adrift. We didn't expect to come back, but their demand brought us back. Motor racing is accepted. It is one of the biggest sports in the world. After all, when you have Concorde and Harriers and the Red Arrows flying over a circuit, then you're talking about a national event. Every grand prix is a national event in its own country. No other sport gives you that."*

Or listen to Aleardo Buzzi, the man who runs Marlboro in Europe. Is the Marlboro participation in grands prix a success? Granting of course that not even the smartest man can actually prove a direct relationship between advertising and sales? *"We are the number one brand in the world"*, he said. *"I suppose that is success. What we wanted was to project a particular image, an image of adventure, of courage, of virility -- an image to match our Marlboro man, the lonely cowboy. He was on a horse. We transformed that horse into a mechanical horse.*

"But our sponsorship is not just a matter of commerce, it is a matter of love. We don't just sign a cheque; we feel we are supporting the sport, which could not survive without its sponsors. We try to do it seriously and consistently, where too many sponsors come in with big bucks and then walk out. And we don't just support F1, we support the other formulae as well. We help drivers. Lauda began with us, Villeneuve began with us: and we placed both of them with Ferrari. We have been in it twelve years, and though we went through hard periods (when Marlboro backed BRM), we stuck to it".

What is it actually that the sport offers to the potential sponsor? To start with, consistent world-wide visibility. Then it lasts ten months of the year, and during every race and in every news item emerging from that race, the sponsor is visible. It is exciting, a true XXth century sport, an invention as modern as advertising itself. It personalizes the sport, it brings people together -- not in some abstract audience, but as part of a family in which all are welcome. First National Bank wanted to launch its travelers cheques; it brought bank tellers by the hundreds to the circuit. Which cheques did those tellers sell? It is a multinational sport, with races in fourteen countries, teams from five and drivers from 16 — and who can tell what the future holds? It is pure identification: nothing distracts from that single image in the middle of the TV screen or that big logo on the side of the car illustrated in full colour in every country in the globe. It is, as all agree, extremely good value for money.

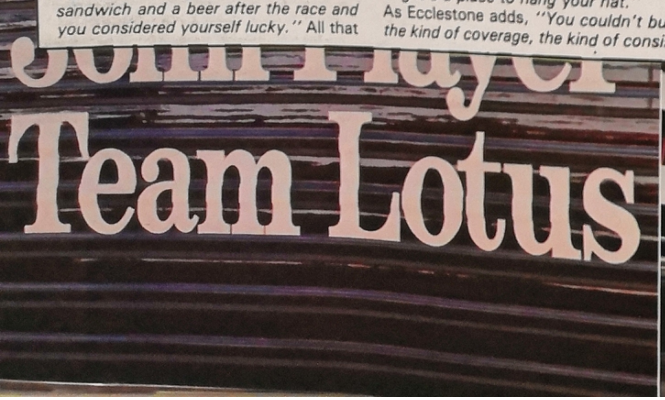
It is also, as just many agree, a very expensive investment. It is not the cheapest investment a sponsor can make, but it is extremely cost-effective. And it is equally effective whether you want the exposure as a consistent factor in marketing or whether you want it to make a change or introduce something new. As for instance: Yardley wanted to get away from its old 'feminine' image -- in grand prix terms, that was a single campaign. And it worked. Or Durex, which in no time at all transformed itself from an under-the-counter product which people were embarassed to ask for into something that the world and his brother could pick up at the supermarket.

The truth is, that the relationship between the sport and its sponsors is symbiotic: the one could not live without the other. As Marlboro's Buzzi said: *"I was surprised that John Player dropped out of the sport, and not at all surprised that they came back."* Why? Because the identification of product and sport was so great that it could not be dissolved. It was Marlboro McLaren; it was John Player Lotus.

And that is unique to motor sport. *"You can spend your money on ralleys or on power boats,"* says Ecclestone, *"but they all take place in places no one wants to go to; they attract a small proportion of the public. How can you compare that to Monte Carlo or downtown Detroit? How long would it have taken David Thieme to make the name Essex known around the world? In four races, David and his livery were a household image. You get instant results and instant identification."*

Not that there are not some bugs in the systems. For instance, there is the threat that the team you back may lack success. *"Well,"* says Ecclestone, *"someone has to lose, The trouble is that some sponsors try to cut corners and scrimp. The smart ones move up the scale and back winners. The ones who lose out are the ones who are indecisive, and the difference between winning and losing in this sport, in money terms, is not all that great. I can think of a dozen examples where 20% more money, and more consistent money, would have changed failure into success."*

The message is clear: it costs, but it is worth it. The sport has developed, beyond the technology of the machine itself and of the freshly-tooled modern driver, professional down to the fine-print-contract in his briefcase, a new technology in advertising and public relations. It is not coining instant bucks; it is welding the sport, its image, its technology, its cars, its drivers, its suppliers and its public, to those who pay for it all and keep the family bread buttered. it is a relationship that works well for both parties. And neither starves. The public gets its Formula One feast. At its best. □



NELSON'S COLUMN

The French GP at Paul Ricard is a race which I think will be remembered longer by our mechanics than by me or Riccardo Patrese. The people who calculate these things tell me that we blew up four engines or turbos even before the race had begun, so with two more failures during the race itself — including a very spectacular fire for Riccardo — there was not much time for the guys to relax.

Most of our engine problems were the result of a miscalculation. The fuel/air mixture was too weak to guarantee reasonable temperatures as the car went along the long back straight, and in the hot conditions the engines couid not stand the strain. But we had a good idea that we would be able to last the distance after we had altered the mixture on Saturday, and after we had done some particularly promising times in the warm-up session Sunday morning I felt confident that we had the speed and the reliability to beat both Renault and Ferrari. Unfortunately, my confidence appears to have been misplaced...

Strangely, I am convinced that my race engine blew up because of a minor gearbox problem which we had with my car in the warm-up. The car jumped out of top (sixth) gear twice during the session, sending the revs all the way round to 12,500 rpm. The BMW engineers had a special device to enable them to look inside the combustion chamber, and to check the compressions of the cylinders, so they made a careful examination and declared that the engine had not been damaged.

Then, a couple of laps before I was expecting to make my planned pit stop for fuel and fresh tyres, I felt a bad vibration. For a moment I thought that maybe the gearbox was about to fail, but it was the engine that blew up. I pulled off near a fire marshals' post so that they could deal with the smoke which had developed. I am sure that a valve spring had been damaged in the morning incident, destroying the engine.

The car was not really handling at all well in the race. I have discovered since then that almost everyone was complaining, regardless of which brand of tyre they use, so I assume that the track surface had changed, possibly because of a change of temperature. On the lap that I stopped I had an advantage of 22 seconds over Arnoux's Renaults: for me, however, it was much more significant that I was 35 seconds ahead of the Ferraris, which were running Goodyear tyres like us.

It was not too difficult to pull out an advantage like that, even though I turned down the boost on the straight after I had seen Riccardo's engine blow up just in front of me. Since the Renaults seemed to be going much better on their choice of rubber than we were on our Goodyears, I thought that second or third place would have been much more useful to me than a DNF.

Who knows, though, what would have happened if my engine had lasted long enough for me to stop? By then I was pulling out an advantage of more than one and a half second per lap on the Renaults, and even though I would have to have taken on about 100 litres of fuel, I would have been able to compensate for that by using the fresh tyres that were waiting for me.

Yes, honestly, we really were planning to make a pit stop in France. I had been a bit ambiguous about our intentions in the last column (Brands Hatch), because we wanted to keep the opposition guessing. But as I said last time, I have faith in the idea of making pit stops. I think the public will also be very interested to see us making stops and then coming through to overtake other cars afterwards.

I got a lift back to the pits on a motorcycle after I had stopped on the circuit. It was a lovely afternoon and everyone seemed to be having a good time. But the scene in the back of our pit was a bit depressing, with Dieter Stappert and Paul Rosche, the top men at BMW Motorsport, looking very unhappy.

In our team it is forbidden to be miserable for more than a few minutes. So I just called to my two German friends: "keep your chin up," I said, "it's only two weeks before the next race. If Renault can get a 1-2 result at home, I see no reason why we shouldn't do exactly the same thing in Germany. I think that they appreciated that. And we'll be trying to deliver the goods at Hockenheim."

Nelson Piquet

Cockpits

ALFA ROMEO
182/3 : Bruno Giacomelli (I)
182/5 : Andrea de Cesaris (I)
182/4 : T-car

As Giacomelli damaged 182/1 at Brands Hatch, he had the usual T-car, 182/3, with chassis no. 4 as the T-car here. There were no changes to the cars, which used the engine covers with air intakes tested in Britain. The turbo-engined car is now to be introduced at Monza, rather than at the Swiss race at Dijon as some sources reported.

BRABHAM
BT50/03 : Nelson Piquet (BR)
BT50/04 : Ricardo Patrese (I)
BT50/02 : T-car

The spare car had carbon fibre disc brakes. It is believed that the BMW engines now have a water-injection system similar to that of Ferrari. Engineer Paul Rosche admits that tests are going on at the factory, but according to Nelson Piquet a water-injection engine was used in his car in the Saturday afternoon sessions at both Brands Hatch and Paul Ricard.

ATS
RGS1/04 : Winkelhock (D)
RGS1/02 : Eliseo Salazar (RCE)
RGS1/03 : T-car

The T-car had narrower front and rear tracks and new sidepods. Engine covers with air intakes were tested, as was a flat carbon-fibre rear wing mounted on a single central pillar.

ENSIGN
N181/1 (16) : Roberto Guerrero (COL)

The only change was an experiment with different types of rear wings. Guerrero failed to qualify.

ARROWS
A4/1 : Marc Surer (CH)
A4/5 : Mauro Baldi (I)
A4/3 : T-car

No changes.

FITTIPALDI
F9/1 : Chico Serra (BR)
F8D/3 : T-car

F8D/5 was destroyed in Serra's accident at Brands Hatch. He used the new F9 only briefly on Friday and Saturday morning, because of a transmission failure, and spare parts had to be brought specially from Britain during the weekend. Serra only used the F8 during the timed sessions and failed to qualify.

SEFAC FERRARI
126C2/061 : Patrick Tambay (F)
126C2/060 : Didier Pironi (F)
126C02/059 : T-car

The sides[illegible]ont attachment points were[illegible]ngthened. There were minor[illegible]rences between the engines[illegible]o exhaust layout and cooling[illegible]takes for the fuel pump and t[illegible]ower part of the motor. A more rigid chassis may appear for Hockenheim.

LOTUS
91/8 : Elio de Angelis (I)
91/7 : Geoff Lees (GB)
91/5 : T-car for de Angelis
91/6 : T-car for Lees

No changes to the race cars. Lees replaced Mansell, who aggravated his hand injury at Brands Hatch. 91/5 had a new front suspension.

McLAREN
MP4/1B-05 : John Watson (GB)
MP4/1B-06 : Niki Lauda (A)
MPA/1B-07 : T-car

No changes. Tests with single caliper front carbon-fibre brakes were not successful.

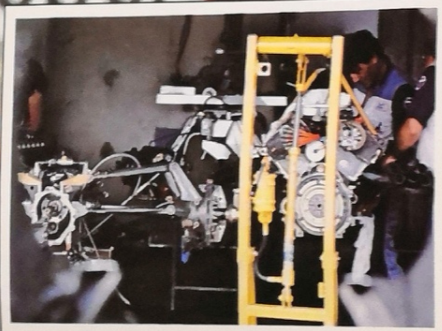
Cockpits

MARCH
821-RM11 : Jochen Mass (D)
821-RM10 : Raul Boesel (BR)
821-RM07 : T-car

The spare car is now Emilio de Villota's old car and the three chassis are strengthened models. They have front rockers which are reinforced at the wheel hubs. One of the cars had rear rockers set at a different angle giving a 7 cm longer wheelbase. Boesel did not manage to qualify.

OSELLA
FA1C/04 : Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)
FA1C/01 : T-car

Jarier's race car, slightly damaged in the collision with Serra at Brands Hatch, had been repaired. A new front suspension designed for slower tracks has been drawn up but probably will not be fitted until Las Vegas. Forthcoming work will concentrate on reducing weight with titanium exhausts and carbon fibre brake discs.



TALBOT-LIGIER
JS19/01 : Eddie Cheever (USA)
JS19/03 : Jacques Laffite (F)
JS19/02 : T-car

The team only brought the new JS19s, 01 and 02 having new sidepods. Tests of various springs were made at Dijon the Wednesday before the race. The decision not to bring the JS17 was taken personally by Guy Ligier, who did not want to have the team disperse its efforts preparing both types.

TYRRELL
011/5 : Michele Alboreto (I)
011/2 : Brian Henton (GB)
011/1 : T-car

On Friday the Tyrrells used longer sidepods of the type seen at Zandvoort, but they were taken off for Saturday. Both cars had new curving exhaust systems and narrower tracks than at Brands Hatch, the spacers in the wheel hubs having been removed. Alboreto had an engine cover with two NACA air intakes, a design which appeared last season but had not previously been used this year.

RENAULT
RE30B/06 : Alain Prost (F)
RE30B/08 : René Arnoux (F)
RE30B/05 : T-car

The only change was an hydraulic ride-height leveller, to try to stop porpoising on the bumpy Mistral straight, and carbon fibre discs, both tested on Prost's car on Friday but not used later.

THEODORE
TY02/1 : Jan Lammers (NL)
TY02/2 : T-car

Chassis 2 had a normal engine cover and 1, which was to be the race car, had a cover with dynamic air intakes. Following the problem encountered at Brands Hatch, the carbon fibre rear wing was not used. Lammers did not qualify.

TOLEMAN
TG181C : Derek Warwick (GB)
TG181C/8 : Teo Fabi (I)

Fabi's car had been repaired following the damage caused by Arnoux's left front wheel at Brands Hatch. A rear wing designed for fast circuits was used, and Warwick tried thicker and longer water radiators.

WILLIAMS
FW08/4 : Derek Daly (IRL)
FW08/5 : Keke Rosberg (SF)
FW08/1 : T-car

The only change was the use of engine covers with air intakes of the type which appeared at Zandvoort but which were not used in the race.

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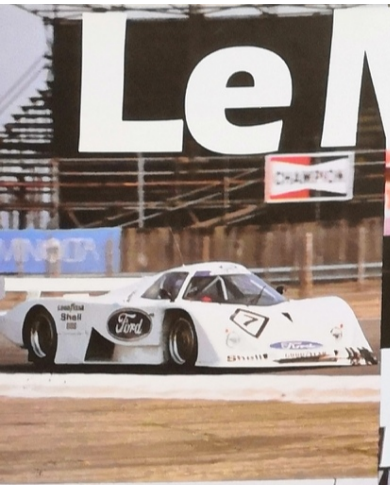

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